DEVOTIONS

FOR

Several Occasions,

Ordinary and Extraordinary,

IN

Psalms, and *Hymns*,

AND

Spiritual Songs;

Collected from the

Holy Scriptures.

By THEOPHILUS DORRINGTON, Rector of *Wittresham* in *Kent*.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Wyat*, at the *Rose* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1707.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

AS the Psalms and Hymns in the Holy Scriptures are certainly Forms of Devotion that were divinely inspired; they must be accounted the most fitting and agreeable ones that we can use, and to afford us the best and most proper Expressions of our Devotion, and such as are most worthy to be offer'd to Almighty God. In them we may believe the Holy Spirit of God has sufficiently help'd our Infirmity, and assisted us to perform our Duty.

And then we may be sure they are highly useful also to insinuate Devotion into the Minds of Men, and to raise, heighten, and improve this heavenly, and most serene, happy, and pleasing Disposition of Mind: For such indeed is the Nature of all, especially the regular and agreeable Expressions of Devotion; and this is an

effect which naturally and ordinarily attends the frequent reading, meditating, and using them.

To present these to the World then in a Composure which is very delightful and pleasing, must be a most useful Work, as being serviceable to invite and allure Men to read and acquaint themselves with them, and to make use of them. And this cannot be done in a better manner than when they are compos'd in Verse; which is a composure most universally pleasing to Mankind, and which may be observ'd to affect and entertain us even from our beginning to read, so long as we are able to read or hear. And when we consider how mischievous and effectual an Instrument Verse *is in the debauching Mens Principles, corrupting their Manners, promoting seditious Factions, Contempt of Government and Governours, and all manner of Vice and Wickedness: Those who have a just Zeal for the Honour of God, for the Peace of Nations, for Vertue and Honesty, and the Salvation of Men, must needs wish and endeavour in what they are able, that the World may be as much as is possible furnish'd with such*

ſuch Poems and Songs as are fit to inſpire Devotion towards God, Humility and Obedience towards Governours, and Juſtice, Honeſty, and Charity in all Men towards one another, as theſe divine Poems and Songs are admirably fitted to do. And therefore it muſt be deſirable that they were in all Hands, and that all likely means ſhould be uſed to make the World well acquainted with them.

I believe it likely to render theſe ſomewhat the more uſeful, and to induce Men the rather to acquaint themſelves with them, to bring them under ſeveral Heads, according to the ſeveral Subjects and various Matter of them; becauſe hereby it is ſuggeſted to what Purpoſes they are moſt adapted, and to what Occaſions they beſt agree; and it will appear that a very good uſe may be made of ſome of them, which may otherwiſe, and to many, be thought unuſeful, and this is neceſſary at leaſt to the common World; and becauſe this is an excellent Means to move, and aſſiſt, and direct Men to a proper and religious Improvement of all Occaſions; this is that which is done here. Therefore, and to give a ſummary View of the whole Deſign, at once I ſhall ſay, I have

reduc'd theſe here under theſe four general Heads. Here are Devotions for every Day in the Week; for particular Times, and Days, and Seaſons of the Year; for ſeveral States and Conditions of Life; *and* ſhort Aſpirations on a great variety of Occaſions. *And in this Work the whole Book of Pſalms is almoſt entirely exhauſted. I confeſs I took the hint of ſuch a Performance as this from the Book of the Great and Pious* Athanaſius, *which he entitles* Concerning the Interpretation of the Pſalms; *in which he ſuggeſts the Fitneſs of theſe to expreſs our Devotion by, and adviſes to uſe them in our Devotion,* leſt by ſpeaking to God that which is not becoming and worthy of him, we be guilty of Impiety, *inſtead of exerciſing an acceptable Devotion; for, ſays he,* we muſt not only give an account of our Deeds, but alſo of every idle Word. *And he largely gives an account of the Subjects of the ſeveral Pſalms under ſeveral Heads, and intimates to what Occaſions and Purpoſes the ſeveral Pſalms are moſt ſuited. I have long wiſh'd it had been done, and I cannot chuſe but think that*

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the Reaſons I have had for it muſt be very obvious to wiſe and pious Perſons, and that ſuch may apprehend and think of many more, and perhaps better Reaſons for it than I do; and therefore I ſhall not ſpend any time to recommend or juſtify ſuch a Work. Whether I have ſpent the time which has been employ'd in this ſo uſefully and profitably to the World, as it might otherwiſe have been, I know not, but hope I have; and therefore I may be allowed to have given my ſelf the Pleaſure and Entertainment which this has afforded me in the otherwiſe tedious Hours of long Evenings and Solitude.

To perform this Work to the better purpoſe, I have made uſe of two late excellent Verſions of the Pſalms, which are that of Dr. John Patrick, *ſometime Preacher at the* Charter-houſe, *and that done by* Dr. Brady *and* Mr. Tate; *becauſe I could not pretend to perform any thing equal to them in Verſe my ſelf, or that would pleaſe even my ſelf ſo well; and becauſe I eſteem them the beſt that I have ever met with in our Language.*

These Devotions are compos'd in measures fit to be sung in Tunes well known among us. And I must needs say, I could wish they would be frequently used and sung in Families; which would be extreamly serviceable to promote true Piety and Devotion, to form and compose the Minds of Youth to this, and so to promote that Fear and Love of God which is the necessary and effectual Spring of true Wisdom and good Living, and a sure Source of Happiness. I think fit also to recommend them to the use of the religious Societies, which to the great Joy of all good Men are form'd in several parts of the Nation, I wish they were in more. For I believe 'tis rather adviseable, that they do use these inspired Songs, than only Hymns of Humane Composure. I will not stay here to justify or recommend the singing of our Devotions, because I have already purposely and largely done this in the Discourse on singing in the Worship of God. *If such use of this Collection in Families should have the Effect of weaning the Common People from worse Translations of these divine Songs, and of making them become acquainted with*

these,

theſe, and to take Delight in them, I ſhould be glad, and think it worth my Time and Labour: As believing this would be likely to recover the ſinging of the Congregation in publick Worſhip, which is extreamly decay'd, and in many places almoſt loſt from amongſt us. And this I believe is partly come to paſs by the Alteration, and perhaps Improvement of our Language, and by the diſtaſte which the politer and more educated People have, upon that ſcore, of the old Tranſlations, and the Newneſs and Strangeneſs of theſe as yet to other People.

I have for the ſake of thoſe who have not Means and Opportunity to be better taught to ſing the Pſalms, added a very plain Direction for the learning this in ſome meaſure, and ſuch as I have found ſufficient to improve the ſinging of a Country Clerk and Congregation, under the Title, Inſtructions for Beginners: *To make which the more uſeful to ſuch, I adviſe as follows,*

In learning the firſt Leſſon, which is named Eight Notes Aſcending and Deſcending, *let them inſtead of the Names of the Notes uſe the Names of the Num-*

bers from One to Eight. And obſerve that the firſt Eight are the Aſcending Notes, the latter the Deſcending. That the Aſcending Notes are to be expreſt as in a Ring of Bells of that Number, from the Tenor, or biggeſt Bell, to the Treble, or ſmalleſt; and the Deſcending Notes muſt be ſounded as from the leaſt Bell to the biggeſt.

The ſecond Leſſon, named the Aſcendings, *muſt be expreſt thus,* 1, 2 : 1, 2, 3, 1, 3 : 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 4 : *and ſo on. And this muſt be well practiſed that they may be accuſtomed to ſound rightly any Note that is not next in order, but at the diſtance of* 2, 3, 4, *or more Notes from the Note laſt expreſt in a Tune.*

By this Direction any may learn the third Leſſon, which is nam'd the Deſcendings *remembring that to aſcend in Muſical Notes is to ſound as from the biggeſt Bell to the leaſt, and to deſcend is to ſound as from the leaſt Bell to the biggeſt.*

The fourth Leſſon, call'd the breaking of Notes, *is in two parts, one call'd* Thirds, *the other* Fourths; *becauſe the firſt part ſets every two Notes together at*

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the diſtance of Thirds from each other thus, 1, 3 : 2, 4 : 3, 5 : *and ſo on. And the other part ſets the two Notes at the diſtance of Fourths thus,* 1, 4 : 2, 5 3, 6 : *and ſo on. And in both theſe parts the Aſcending Notes are ſet firſt from One to Eight, till you come to the double Bar, or this Mark,* ‖ *and after that the Deſcending Notes.*

The laſt Leſſon, not nam'd, contains firſt the Notes Aſcending to this Mark ‖ *then the Notes Deſcending. And it has four Notes following each other in Order; but every following four begins among the Aſcendings one Note higher than the foregoing four, and among the Deſcendings one Note lower, and both are to be expreſt thus,* 1, 2, 3, 4 : 2, 3, 4, 5 : *and ſo on.*

I hope this is ſufficiently plain to bring any, who have [illegible] any pleaſure in Muſick, to learn to ſing with ſome Exactneſs the Tunes which I have added. And after theſe Inſtructions for Beginners, *I have added ſuch Tunes as are ſuited to all theſe Songs. May it pleaſe God who has in all Ages of his Church allow'd, countenanc'd and encourag'd the ſinging of*

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our Devotions, and who in the times when Inſpiration was afforded, did direct to this as well as dictate what was to be ſung, bleſs this Undertaking, that it may mightily promote this way of Worſhip, and may be ſerviceable to promote Devotion it ſelf, or Religion among us.

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DEVOTIONS

IN

Psalms and *Hymns*,

AND

Spiritual Songs,

FOR

Every Day in the Week.

8 NO 65

FOR

Sunday Morning.

PSALM XCV.

An Invitation to Divine Worſhip.

COme let us with united Joys
to God our Voices raiſe: (come,
With thankful Hearts before him
and loudly ſing his praiſe.
Our Lord is a great God and King,
in Power eminent;
Above all Gods; Him Angels ſerve,
and Princes repreſent.
The Secrets of the Earth, and ſtrength
of Hills are in his Hand;
He made the Waters of the Sea,
and for their Bound dry Land.
To him that made us let us kneel,
and Adorations give;
Who are his People and the Sheep,
That on his Paſtures live.
To Day let's hear his Voice, and not
ſuch hardned Sinners prove,
As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
provoked God above.

They prov'd his Power, and ſaw his Works,
and griev'd him forty year:
Till wearied with that murmuring Race
he could no longer bear.
He did their Unbelief, and baſe
Ingratitude deteſt;
And in his Anger ſware they ſhould
not come into his Reſt.
Glory to Thee Eternal Lord,
thrice Bleſſed Three in One:
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
till Time it ſelf be done.

Another.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

Repreſenting the Pleaſure, and Advantages of Divine Worſhip.

HOW beauteous is the Place where thou
thy Preſence Lord doſt grant!
O how I long t'approach thy Courts,
impatient of reſtraint!
Oh happy Men that may frequent
Thy Houſe to praiſe thee ſtill;
Whoſe truſt is in thine aid, whoſe Heart
devout Affections fill.
A thouſand joyous days elſewhere
yield me not ſuch content,
As one days freedom at thy Houſe,
and in thy Service ſpent.

There

There let me have the meaneſt place,
and on the Threſhold lie:
Rather than all the wickeds ſtate
without this liberty.

God is a glorious Sun, from whom
we Light and Life derive;
A Shield for our Defence, and he
will Grace and Worſhip give.
No good will he withhold from him
that's upright in his way.
Oh happy Man that makes the Lord
his only Truſt and Stay.

All Glory to the ſacred Three
One everliving Lord;
As at the firſt ſtill may he be
belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

For SUNDAY EVENING.

PSAL. LXIII.

Repreſenting the Eſteem and Affection of a Devout Soul for the Worſhip of God.

DAily, O Lord, my longing Soul
thy Mercy does implore;
No Traveller in deſart Lands
can thirſt for Water more.
I joy t'appear as I have done
within thy Holy place:
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
and to partake thy Grace.

For Life it ſelf without thy Love,
no relliſh does afford;
None other Joys can equal this,
to ſerve and praiſe the Lord.
I'll therefore make my Prayers to Thee,
and bleſs Thee whilſt I live;
This like the choiceſt Dainties will
both Food and Pleaſure give.

When others ſleep, my wakeful Thoughts
preſent Thee to my Mind:
And in the Night I think how good
my God has been, and kind.
Since thou alone haſt been my help,
to thee alone I fly;
And on thy watchful Providence
with chearfulneſs rely.

Dangers, whilſt thou art near to me,
ſhall threaten me in vain;
When I keep cloſe to God, his Care
and Power will me ſuſtain.
All Glory to the ſacred Three,
all Honour, Power and Praiſe:
As at the firſt may ever be
beyond the end of Days.

Another.

Another.

PSAL. XCII.

Repreſenting the Pleaſures and Rewards of Divine Worſhip.

OH what a pleaſant Work it is,
to praiſe the Lord above!
Morning and Evening to proclaim
his Faithfulneſs and Love!
Sweet Notes of Inſtruments to joyn
with an harmonious Voice!
Thy gracious Dealings with me Lord,
have made me to rejoyce.

Great are thy Works, and thy Deſigns
contain the deepeſt Senſe:
Tho' wicked Men and Fools miſtake
thy ways of Providence.
They ſpring and flouriſh like the Graſs,
with good Succeſs o'erjoy'd;
And only grow to be mown down,
and utterly deſtroy'd.

But righteous Men like fruitful Palms,
or ſtately Cedars grow:
For planted in thy Courts they're fed
with Springs that ever flow.
There they are fair, and ever thrive,
and ſtill more Fruit ſhall bring:
Age that makes other things decay,
makes them more flouriſhing.

Thus God appears to all the World
To be both Good and Juſt:
No Falſeneſs can be charg'd on him
who is my Rock and Truſt.
Glory and Honour, Power and Praiſe
to the Myſterious Three:
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

For MONDAY MORNING.

PSAL. C.

Which Praiſes the Greatneſs and Goodneſs of God in our Creation and Preſervation.

LET all the Nations of the Earth
To God their chearful Voices raiſe,
With Gladneſs worſhip him, and come
Before his Face with Songs of Praiſe.

Know that the Lord is God alone,
Who did to all their Beings give;
We are the People of his Care,
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

Enter his Gates with thankful Hearts;
His Praiſes in his Courts proclaim,
And let his powerful Word excite
Each Soul to bleſs his ſacred Name.

For God is infinitely Good;
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth from Generation,
To Generation ſhall endure.

To Thee Great God, and Thee alone,
Three Perſons in one Deity,
As former Ages always gave,
All Glory now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CIV.

Which Glorifies God for the Wonders of Creation.

PART I.

MY Soul for ever bleſs the Lord ;
To this his Greatneſs doth invite :
Honour and Majeſty's his Robe,
His beauteous Veſture ſplendid Light.

He as a Tent the Heavens extends,
Whoſe Rooms on liquid Waters ſtay ;
Clouds are his Chariot, and the Winds
With their wing'd Wheels mete out his way.

Angels as ſwift as Air, as bright
As Flames with quick obedience move ;
To publiſh and effect below,
His Pleaſure giv'n in charge above.

The Earth's Foundations are unknown,
No Pillars rais'd its Weight do bear ;
And yet no Power can it remove,
Tho' it hangs looſe in liquid Air.

The Earth's firſt Covering was the Deep,
Whoſe Waves the higheſt Hills ſurpaſt :

Till at thy Check and Thunder's Voice
They ſhrunk and fled away in haſt.

The Mountains by hid ways they climb:
Thence to the lower Vales deſcend;
Till in the Sea, whence firſt they came,
At length their wandring Courſes end.

In vain the Ocean's ſwelling Pride,
Threatens the Earth again to cover:
Its fixed Bounds no riſing Tydes
Without new leave can e'er paſs over.

PART II.

He from the Hills through ſecret Veins
Cauſes the Cryſtal Springs to burſt:
They glide through Vallies where the Beaſts,
And the wild Aſſes quench their Thirſt.

There Birds are taught, with curious Art,
Their Neſts in ſhady Boughs to raiſe:
And by their chearful Notes reprove
Our Silence in our Maker's praiſe.

Nor can the higher Grounds, which gape
For Thirſt, complain that they're forgot:
Clouds big with Showers on them diſtill,
And water every barren plot.

By his Command th' enriched Earth,
Food for all Creatures does produce;
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
And Herbs for Man's peculiar uſe.

Rich Wine to chear Man's Heart, and Oil
That makes his Countenance look bright;

Bread the ſupport of Life, all made
To ſerve our Needs, or our Delight.

Trees that on barren Hills are plac'd,
Need not be water'd by our Care:
Where *Lebanon* doth higheſt riſe,
Cedars are ever freſh and fair.

There Birds obtain ſecure retreat:
Storks for their dwelling chuſe the Pine:
Wild Goats find refuge in the Hills,
Coneys in Rocks they undermine.

Glory to the Great God alone;
Three Perſons in one Deity;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ſtill for ever be.

For MONDAY EVENING.

PSAL. CIV.

PART I.

THE Heav'ns whoſe beauteous Frame we (ſee
God's wondrous Skill and Power pro- (claim;

The Laws by which each Night ſucceeds
The brighter day declare the ſame.

The Moon's oft varied Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the year:
And having run his daily Courſe,
The Sun knows when to ſet, and where.

Darkneſs as well as Day thou mak'ſt;
'Tis Night that brings wild Beaſts abroad;
Fierce Lions roaring for their Prey,
By Hunger taught, ſeek Meat from God.

At the Sun's Riſe thoſe ſcatter'd Beaſts
Croud to their Dens with haſty flight.
Men ſhare the Day, whoſe Work's begun,
And ends together with the Light.

Great God, how various are thy Works,
Created all with wondrous Skill!
Thy Bleſſings Lord, enrich the Earth,
And the Sea's ſpacious Boſom fill.

Whoſe yielding Waves the Ships divide;
There Fiſhes move of differing ſize:
And there the great *Leviathan*
Does play, and Men's Attempts deſpiſe.

Theſe all wait humbly to receive
Thine Alms of ſeaſonable Food;
And what thine open'd Hand beſtows
They gather, and are fill'd with Good.

PART II.

If God but in diſpleaſure frown,
The whole Creation needs muſt mourn:
If he withholds his Breath, or theirs,
They die, and to their Duſt return.

His quickening Spirit when it breaths,
All things with Life and Joy endues:
His pow'rful Word that made the Earth
At firſt, its Face again renews.

While this World's Frame and Order laſts,
God's Glory never can be leſs:

And

And what his Wiſdom made ſo good,
His Favour will delight to bleſs.

But let not ſinful Men preſume
God's dreadful Anger to provoke;
Whoſe Look can cauſe the Earth to quake,
His Touch make proudeſt Hills to ſmoak.

The great employment of my Life
Shall be to praiſe this mighty Lord;
To meditate his Love and Works,
The ſweeteſt Pleaſures will afford.

While Sinners from the Earth conſume,
No Place or Thought regards them more:
Bleſs thou thy Maker, O my Soul,
Let Heaven and Earth his Name adore.

To Father Son and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided equal Three,
One equal Glory, one ſame Praiſe
Now, and for ever render'd be.

Another.

PSAL. CV.

Which praiſes God for his wonderful Works.

OH let us all give Thanks to God,
and call upon his Name:
His gracious and his mighty Works
to all the World proclaim.
Let us in Songs and ſacred Hymns,
our great Creator bleſs:

And what his pow'rful Hand has wrought,
our joyful Tongues expreſs.

Give to the Lord's moſt Holy Name,
the Praiſe that is his due;
And your unfeigned inward Joys
by chearful Voices ſhew.
Within his Sanctuary let
your Pray'rs to him be made:
Your Hopes upon his Favour reſt,
and his Almighty Aid.

O let the Works that he has done,
your Admiration move;
Think on the Judgments of his Mouth,
and wonders of his Love.
We glory, that this mighty Lord,
us for his People owns:
Whoſe Judgments make th' amazed Earth
to tremble when he frowns.

His Covenant with his People made,
he ever call'd to mind;
And will his Promiſes fulfill,
to Ages ſtill behind.
Let Ages ſtill behind, as thoſe
which have been heretofore
Have done, this kind and Mighty Lord
with Thanks and Praiſe adore.

For TUESDAY MORNING.

PSAL. XXXIII.

Wherein God is prais'd for his Works of Creation and Providence, and Men are from thence excited to Religion.

PART I.

REjoyce ye Righteous in the Lord,
and praiſe him with delight;
For Thankfulneſs becomes the Lips
of thoſe that are upright.
Joyn Harps and tuneful Inſtruments,
to raiſe and tell your Joys;
Sing a new Song, and play with skill,
and make a chearful Noiſe.

His Word is good, and all his Laws
are from Injuſtice free;
His Promiſe ſure, and all his Ways
are Truth and Equity.
Works that are juſt ſecure his Love,
as they his Pleaſure are:
The Earth with Bleſſings fill'd to us
his Goodneſs does declare.

The out-ſtretch'd Orbs of Heav'n by his
commanding Word were made;
And from his Breath its num'rous Hoſts
their ſeveral Beings had.
The Sea's proud Waves within the Shore's
confined limits keep;

Whoſe

Whoſe Waters are laid up within
the Storehouſe of the Deep.

Let all Men fear the Lord, to him
let due regard be ſhown:
May all the World his awful Power
by humble Worſhip own.
For by the mighty Word he ſpake,
all things their Being have;
And Heaven and Earth continue ſtill,
by the Command he gave.

He, when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom uneffectual makes
the People's raſh Deſigns.
God's Purpoſes none can defeat,
nor Orders countermand:
But every Age what he reſolves
will ſee ſhall firmly ſtand.

PART II.

Thrice happy are the People, Lord,
to whom thou art made known:
And whom from all the World beſide
thou chuſeſt for thine own.
God on the Sons of Men looks down
from his Celeſtial Throne;
Views all the Dwellers on the Earth
from his bright Manſion.

He made them equally, their Hearts
he faſhions one by one:
More clearly all their Thoughts to him,
than to themſelves are known.

No mighty Hoſt a King can ſave,
nor Strength the Strong ſecure:
No Horſe in Battle us'd can make
his Rider's Safety ſure.

The Lord on thoſe that fear his Name,
looks with a Gracious Eye,
And ne'er will fail their Hopes, that on
his Goodneſs do rely.
When Plagues without diſtinction kill,
he'll reſcue from the Grave:
Their Lives in time of Death, their Needs
all due Supplies ſhall have.

Now Lord, we wait for thee, who art
our Help and our Defence;
In all Eſtates we'll truſt in thee
with chearful confidence.
Lord, let thy Grace on us deſcend,
like a refreſhing Shower:
For all our Hopes and Joys depend
on thy Almighty Power.

To thee, Great God, of Heaven and Earth,
each Knee for ever bow;
May all thy Bleſſed ſing above,
and we adore below.

Another.

Another.

PSAL. LXV.

Which Celebrates the Goodneſs of God, and his Univerſal Providence.

PART I.

PRaiſes in Sion wait for thee,
And there the Vow perform'd ſhall be;
To thee, O God, that heareſt Prayer,
All Fleſh ſhall chearfully repair.

Our Sins may juſtly put a ſtop
To all that Good from thee we hope;
Thy Mercy does thoſe Fears allay,
For this will purge our Sins away.

Oh happy Men, that may draw near
To thee, and in thy Courts appear;
For theſe ſhall all Refreſhments have
Thy Houſe can give, or they can crave.

By thy amazing Wonders thou
Thy kindneſs to the Good doſt ſhow:
The ends of th' Earth in thee confide,
And Iſles that in the Sea reſide.

Mountains that ſeem to touch the Skie
Gain from thy Strength Stability;
The roaring Seas God does aſſwage,
And ſtills the People's madder Rage.

PART II.

O're all the Earth the Nations ſpread
God's Works of Power and Anger dread;
And all adore thy Goodneſs Great,
Where the Sun does riſe or ſet.

Thy Care prevents a threatning Dearth,
Thou viſiteſt the thirſty Earth;
Show'rs to enrich her barren Womb
From thy full Springs above do come.

Thy Bounty does that Food provide,
By which our Needs are all ſupply'd;
The hardned Ridges of the Field
Water'd with Showers are ſoft and yield.

Its Furrows ſetled and depreſt,
Its Spring by after Rains is bleſt:
The fruitful Year thy Bleſſings crown,
And Plenty from the Clouds drops down.

The Wilderneſs, refreſht with Rain,
Tho' parcht before, now ſprings again:
The little Hills new Garments wear,
And in their youthful Green appear.

Flocks are the cloathing of the Plain,
The Vails are cover'd o're with Grain.
All Nature ſeems to ſhout and ſing,
To welcome in the hopeful Spring.

Great ever-living God, to thee,
In Eſſence one, in Perſons three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And every Age thy Glory ſing.

PSALM

For TUESDAY EVENING.

PSAL. LXXIII.

Which assures God's Favour to good Men, and praises his Goodness even to the Wicked.

PART I.

CErtain it is, that God is kind
To those that are sincerely good;
But yet my Faith was at a loss,
My Feet did stagger where I stood.

I saw the Wicked's prosperous State.
My Envy at those Fools did rise,
That when a healthful Age was past,
A quiet Death should close their Eyes.

Exempt from Plagues and Miseries,
Which others seek t'escape in vain;
They're cover'd o're with Violence,
And Pride surrounds them like a Chain.

Pamper'd with Ease and Luxury
Their Body thrives, looks Fat and Fair;
Their Wealth rouls in with a full Tide,
Beyond their Hopes, without their Care.

Such is their Pride that they profess,
Oppressive Courses without Shame:
Dare Heav'n it self with Blasphemies,
And freely blast the good Man's Name.

This gives disturbance to his Mind,
And Passion makes his Tears to flow:
Doubts rise within him, whether God
Discerns, or minds the things below.

Th'

Th' Ungodly are the proſperous Men,
Thrive in the World, and Riches gain;
I've waſht my Hands in Innocence,
And cleans'd my Heart, ſays he, in vain.

For ev'ry Morn renews my Plagues,
And I whole days in Sorrow ſpend:
But ſtay; thus ſpeaking, I againſt
The Faith of all good Men offend.

PART II.

I oft conſider'd with my ſelf,
Th' unequal ways of Providence;
I found them hard to be reſolv'd,
And Doubts long kept me in ſuſpence.

At laſt at God's Houſe I enquir'd,
And there did my Miſtakes amend:
Before I only view'd their Way,
But now I underſtand their end.

I ſaw the ſlippery Precipice,
On which their tottering Feet were plac'd,
And with what Terrours they were ſeiz'd,
When down to ſudden Ruin caſt.

Their Happineſs was like a Dream,
Or Shade, that quickly vaniſhes.
Lord, what a ſtupid Beaſt was I,
To vex my ſelf at their Succeſs!

For all this while I was thy Care,
By thee ſuſtain'd tho' ſuffering;
Thy Counſels here ſhall guide me ſtill,
And afterwards to Glory bring.

Lord, there is none in Heav'n or Earth,
On whom I can relie, like thee:

For

For when my Heart and Hopes do fail,
My Stay and Portion thou wilt be.

But thoſe who are from God eſtrang'd,
Or unto ſhameful Idols bow,
Shall ſurely their own Ruin meet,
And a deſerved overthrow.

God is my chiefeſt Good: 'tis beſt
To keep me to my God moſt nigh;
Then I his Mercy, and his Truth
Shall praiſe, when I on him rely.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One conſubſtantial matchleſs Three,
All higheſt, and all humbleſt Thanks,
As hath been, now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXLVII.

Which praiſes the Providence of God.

PART I.

HOW well are we employ'd to praiſe
the Lord whom we adore!
How grateful to our ſelves and him,
nothing becomes us more!
The Lord of old the broken State
of Iſrael did repair:
The ſorrowful and broken Hearts
he heals with tender care.

He numbers all the Stars, and knows
what vertue comes from thence:
For 'tis from him they borrow all
their Light and Influence.
Unſearchable his Wiſdom is,
his Power admits no bound;
He raiſes up the Meek, and throws
proud Sinners to the ground.

PART II.

To God your chearful Praiſes ſing,
that all things does maintain;
Who covers Heaven with Clouds, and for
the Earth prepares the Rain.
He makes the tender Graſs to grow
on Mountains parch'd and dry;
Wild Beaſts need not our Care, he feeds
young Ravens when they cry.
All Creatures haſt t' obey his Word,
like Wool he ſends the Snows:
His Cryſtal Ice like Morſels caſts,
hoar Froſts like Aſhes ſtrows.
None can abide his piercing Cold;
he bids warm Winds to blow;
Then rocks of Ice diſſolve, and ſoon
congealed Rivers flow.
All ſee theſe Works; to Iſrael
more Grace he did afford,
The clearer knowledge of his Will,
and Laws; Praiſe ye the Lord.
Glory to thee Immortal God,
One great Coequal Three,

As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

For WEDNESDAY MORNING.

PSAL. LXXVIII.

Which Celebrates the Judgments of God upon the Wickedneſs of Men.

HEar, O my People, to my Law,
devout attention lend;
Let the Inſtructions of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
My Tongue by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold;
Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for Truths of old.
Which we from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient times have known;
And our Forefathers pious Care
to us has handed down.
We will not hide them from our Sons,
our Off-ſpring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has works of Wonder wrought.
For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Iſrael* made,
With charge to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd;
That Generations yet to come,
ſhould to their unborn Heirs

Re-

Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.

To teach them, that in God alone
their Hope ſecurely ſtands:
That they ſhould ne'er forget his Works,
but keep his juſt Commands.
Leſt like their Fathers they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious Race:
Falſe-hearted fickle to their God,
unſteadfaſt in his Grace.

Such were revolting *Ephrahim*'s Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred,
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
They falſify'd their League with God,
his Orders diſobey'd;
Forgot his Works, and Miracles
before their Eyes diſplay'd.

Nor Wonders which their Fathers ſaw,
did they in mind retain:
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile Plain;
He cut the Seas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
While pil'd on heaps on either ſide
the ſolid Waters ſtood.

A wondrous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſheltring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
When Drought oppreſs'd them where no (Streams
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,

He

He cleft the Rock whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd into a Tide.
Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell;
That travelling with their Camp each day,
renew'd the Miracle.
Yet there they ſin'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt high,
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls ſupply.
They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Power diſtruſt;
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts;
can God ſay they prepare
A Table in the Wilderneſs,
ſet out with various Fare?
He ſmote the flinty Rock 'tis true,
and flowing Streams enſu'd:
But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
for ſuch a Multitude?
The Lord with Indignation heard:
from Heaven avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell; conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs *Iſrael* came.
Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide:
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heaven
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Showers:

And

And when Earth faild, reliev'd their Need
from his Celeſtial Stores.
Tho' taſtful *Manna* was rain'd down,
their Hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the Stores of Heaven they did
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
Thus Man with Angel's ſacred Food
ungrateful Man was fed:
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table ſpread.
From Heav'n he made an Eaſt Wind blow,
then did the South command,
To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
Within their Trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſie Prey;
And all around their ſpreading Camp
the ready Booty lay.
They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave
their Appetite to Feaſt;
Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceaſt.
But whilſt in their luxurious Mouth
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,
and *Iſrael*'s Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles belief:
Therefore through fruitleſs Travels he
conſum'd their Lives in Grief.

When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God with early Cry,
Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour God moſt high.

But this was feign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd:
Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his League abide.

Yet full of Mercy he forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.

For he remembred they were Fleſh,
that could not long remain:
A murmuring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.

How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve!
In that ſame Deſert where he did
their fainting Souls relieve!

They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd:
When *Iſrael*'s God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.

Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought;
His Signs in *Egypt*, wondrous Works
in *Zoan*'s Valley wrought.

He turn'd their Rivers into Bloud,
that Man and Beaſt forbore;
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt,
than drink the Putrid Gore.

He ſent devouring ſwarms of Flies:
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
Locuſts, and Caterpillars reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.

Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke;
with Froſt the Figtree dies:
Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herbs
one general Sacrifice.

He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no time for it to ceaſe:
And with their Plagues bad Angels ſent,
their Torments to encreaſe.

He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath,
to ravage uncontroul'd:
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in every Field and Fold.

The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Men,
from Field to City came:
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes
through all the Tents of *Ham.*

But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs:

He led them on, and in their Way,
no cauſe of fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe Deeps,
in which their Foes were drown'd.

Nor ceas'd his Care, till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land;
And to his Holy Mount, the Prize
of his Victorious Hand.

To them the outcaſt Heathen's Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foe's abandon'd Tents
made *Iſrael*'s Tribes reſide.

PART III.

Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt high:
Nor would to practiſe his Commands,
their ſtubborn Hearts apply.
But in their faithleſs Father's Steps
perverſely chooſe to go:
They turn'd aſide like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.

For him to Fury they provok'd,
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
enflam'd his Jealouſie.
When God heard this on *Iſrael*'s Tribes,
his Wrath and hatred fell;
He quitted *Shiloh* and the Tents,
where one he choſe to dwell.

To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to diſdain,
His People to the Sword he gave,
nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth
untimely did confound:
No Virgin was to th' Altar led
with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.

In Fight the Sacrificer fell;
the Prieſt a Victim bled;

And

And Widows who their Death ſhould mourn
themſelves of Grief were dead.
Then as a Giant rouz'd from ſleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foes alarm'd.

He ſmote their Hoſt, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlaſting ſhame.
With Conqueſt crown'd he *Joſeph*'s Tents
and *Ephraim*'s Tribe forſook:
But *Judah* choſe, and *Sion*'s Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.

His Temple he erected there,
with Spires exalted high;
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.
His faithful Servant *David* too,
he for his Choice did own;
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd,
to ſit on *Judah*'s Throne.

From tending on the teeming Ews
he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of *Iſrael*'s choſen Seed.
Exalted thus the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

Glory to Thee, Great God, alone,
three Perſons in one Deity;

As it has been in Ages paſt,
may now and ſtill for ever be.

For WEDNESDAY EVENING.

PSALM CVI.

Which ſings of Mercies and Judgment.

PART. I.

O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of Eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm through Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs!
What Mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of Immortal Praiſe!

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

Extend to me that Favour Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

O may I worthy prove to ſee,
Thy Saints in full Proſperity;
That I the joyful Choir may joyn,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

But ah, can we expect ſuch Grace
Of Parents vile the Viler Race?
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o're,
And with new Crimes encreas'd the ſcore.

Ingrateful they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought:
The Red Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe diſtruſt renew'd.

Yet he to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliverance came:
To make his Sovereign Power be known,
That he is God, and he alone.

To right and left, at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As through ſome parcht and deſert way.

Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear;
Whoſe Rage purſu'd them to thoſe Waves
That prov'd the raſh Purſuers Graves.

The wat'ry Mountain's ſudden Fall
O'rewhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Hoſt and all;
This proof did ſtupid *Iſrael* move,
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not;
But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.

Strong Food at their requeſt he ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.

Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.

But Earth the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Raſh *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.

The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire,
To kindle wild ſeditious Fire,
With all their impious Train became
A Prey to Heavens devouring Flame.

Near *Horeb*'s Mount a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd:
Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their ſhame.

Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought:
His Signs in *Ham*'s aſtoniſht Coaſt, (loſt
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops were

Thus urg'd his vengeful Hand he rear'd,
But *Moſes* in the breach appear'd:
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heavens kindled Wrath away.

Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd.
Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey,
But when he ſaid; Go up, would ſtay.

This ſeal'd their Doom without Redreſs,
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by Heathen Hands
O'erthrown, and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

Yet unreclaim'd this ſtubborn Race
Baal-peor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his Impious Gueſts, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.

Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final ſtroke:
'Twas come, the deadly Peſt was come,
To execute the general Doom.

But *Phinehas* (fir'd with Holy Rage
Th' Almighty Vengeance to aſſwage)
Did by two bold Offenders fall,
Th' Atonement make that ranſom'd all.

As him a Heavenly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heaven the Zealous act approv'd:
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Prieſthood he ſo well did Grace.

At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moſes* for their Sakes reprov'd.
Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke,
Till raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke.

Nor when poſſeſt of *Canaan*'s Land;
Did they perform the Lord's Command;
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ,
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.

Nor only ſpar'd the *Pagan* Crew,
But mingling learnt their Vices too;
And Worſhip to thoſe Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.

To Devils they did ſacrifice
Their Children with relentleſs Eyes;

Approach their Altars through a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughter's Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

Nor did theſe ſalvage Cruelties
The hardned Reprobates ſuffice:
For after their Hearts Luſts they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.

But Sins of ſuch Infernal hue,
God's Wrath againſt his People drew;
Till he their once Indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.

He them defenceleſs did expoſe,
To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt Hate.

Nor thus his Indignation ceaſt,
Their Liſt of Tyrants he encreaſt;
Till they who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.

Yet when diſtreſs'd they did repent
His Anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and He their Yoke.

Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
But did to mind his promiſe bring,
And Mercy's unexhauſted Spring.

Com-

Compaſſion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart;
And Pity for their Sufferings bred,
In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
Still ſave us Lord, and *Iſrael*'s Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.
Let *Iſrael*'s God be ever bleſt,
His Name Eternally confeſt:
Let all his Saints with full accord,
Sing loud *Amens*—Praiſe ye the Lord.
Praiſe to the Glorious Three in One,
Let Time aſcribe till Time be done:
Then let the Work continued be,
By an endleſs Eternity.

For THURSDAY MORNING.

PSAL. CIII.

Which Celebrates the Mercy of God.

PART I.

BLeſs thou the Lord my Soul; his Name,
Let all the Powers within me bleſs.
O let not his paſt Favours lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs.
'Tis He that pardons all thy Sins,
And all thy juſt Deſires ſupplies:

Who

Who like the Eagle makes thine Age
To a renewed Youth ariſe.

From his ſtrict Juſtice ſure Relief,
Oppreſſed Innocence ſhall find.
Moſes and *Iſrael* knew his Ways,
And Inclinations of his Mind.

Abundant Mercies flow from God,
Love is his Nature and Delight;
Slow is his Wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to deſtroy us quite.

His Anger in its Riſe and Stay,
From Rules of Juſtice never ſwerves:
And when he puniſhes our Faults,
'Tis gentler than our Sin deſerves.

As Heaven is far above the Earth,
So his Rewards exceed our Love;
Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt,
His Pardon does our Sins remove.

PART II.

A Father's Pity to his Child
Reſembles God's, tho' ſhorter far;
For he conſiders our weak Frame,
That only quicken'd Duſt we are.

Man's Days are like the Graſs or Flower,
That in the Fields its Beauty ſhows;
But fades with every blaſting Wind,
And then its former place none knows.

But God's Eternal Truth and Love
Is to good Men, and to their Race:
Thoſe that his Laws and Covenant keep,
His Favour ever will embrace.

This

This they may well expect from him,
Whose Throne is plac'd in Heaven above;
Whose mighty Power and sovereign Rule
Extends to all that live and move.

Bless God, ye Angels, who inStrength,
And ready Services transcend;
Bless him ye Hosts and Ministers,
Who all to do his Will attend.

All ye his Works that subject are,
In ev'ry place to his Controul,
Bless ye your Maker, and with them
Joyn in his Praises, Oh my Soul.

Glory to thee, Oh Gracious God,
One Co-eternal equal Three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal Praise and Glory be.

Another.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

Which praises the Mercy and Goodness of God's Providence.

PART I.

RENder, and oft your Thanks repeat
To God, who is both Good and Great:
to every Age his Mercy's sure.
To him your chearful Praises sing,
Whom Angels worship as their King,
whose Mercy always does endure.
To him whom highest Princes own,
By low Prostrations at his Throne:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's sure.

To

To him whoſe wondrous Works declare
His Pow'r to be beyond compare:
whoſe Mercy always does endure.

His Wiſdom, when the Heav'ns you view,
Their Brightneſs and their Order ſhew:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
To him who laid the Seas below
The Earth, which they can ne'er o'erflow,
whoſe Mercy always does endure.
To him, who out of Night's dull Shade,
To clear the World, great Lights has made,
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
The Sun that gives us quickening Heat,
And Light our Labours to compleat:
his Mercy always does endure.

The Moon and Stars, when down we lie,
For our Repoſe, its place ſupply:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy ſure.
To him, who by a Vengeance due,
All the Firſt born in *Egypt* ſlew,
whoſe Mercy always does endure.
Then *Iſrael*, whom they long detain'd,
In cruel Bondage freedom gain'd:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
All this, by a ſtrong Hand was done,
A Pow'r none could reſiſt, or ſhun:
his Mercy always does endure.

PART II.

When anxious Fear poſſeſs'd their Hearts,
He the Red Sea cut into Parts:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.

He,

He, like a Wall on either Hand,
Till they paſt made the Waters ſtand:
his Mercy always does endure.
Here hardned *Pharaoh* and his Hoſt,
That follow'd them, were ſunk and loſt:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
His People through the Deſert led,
By Miracles were daily fed:
his Mercy always does endure.

He ſmote great Kings that durſt withſtand
Their Paſſage to the promis'd Land:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
Their famous Valour now could gain
No Victory, for all were ſlain:
his Mercy always does endure.
Sihon for War of greateſt Note,
King of fierce *Amorites* he ſmote:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
And *Baſhan*'s Tyrant *Og* o'ercame,
A mighty Giant of great Name:
his Mercy always does endure.

To give their Land, he did engage,
For a perpetual Heritage:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
This Heritage was *Iſrael*'s Lot,
Who had not then their God forgot:
whoſe Mercy always does endure.
Who pitied them, when for their Sin,
They might have been expell'd again:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.

And when ſubdu'd, oft heard their Cries,
And ſav'd them from their Enemies:
his Mercy always does endure.

He ſatisfies all Fleſh with Food,
All Creatures Wants ſupplies with Good:
to ev'ry Age his Mercy's ſure.
Then with the higheſt Notes of Praiſe,
Our Thanks to Heaven let us raiſe:
whoſe Mercy always does endure:
To Thee, O Father, to the Son,
And Holy Ghoſt, bleſt Three in One,
whom we as God alone adore:
Glory that was of old be given,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n,
now, and till Time ſhall be no more.

The ſame in another Meetre.

TO God the Mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat;
To him due Praiſes give,
Who is both Good, and Great.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

To this One King Supream,
All other Gods do bow;
Angels in Heaven above,
And all the Powers below.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

His

His Works our Wonder raiſe,
The Heav'ns his Wiſdom made;
And he the ſpacious Earth
Above the Waters laid.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

He made the Glorious Sun,
To be the Day's great Light;
The Moon and num'rous Stars
To Rule the ſilent Night.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

Egypt's firſt Born he ſmote;
And by his pow'rful Hand
Broke *Iſrael*'s heavy Yoke,
And brought them from that Land.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

The parted Sea a Way
For *Iſrael*'s Paſſage ſhow'd;
But the purſuing Hoſt
Of *Pharaoh* overflow'd.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

His choſen People through
The pathleſs Deſart led;
By daily Miracles
Were plentifully fed.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

Sihon and *Og* oppos'd
Their way, and them he ſmote,
And made their fruitful Land
Fall to his People's Lot.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

He in their low Eſtate,
On them with Favour thought;
And from their cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live,
To God, who ever reigns,
Eternal Praiſes give.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

To this Almighty Lord,
One God in Perſons Three,
Due Praiſes to aſcribe,
Let Heaven and Earth agree.
As it has been
In Ages gone,
May now and ſtill
Be ever done.

For THURSDAY EVENING.

PSAL. XXXIV.

Which Celebrates God's Favour to Good Men.

THrough all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart, and Tongue employ.
Of his Deliverance I will boaſt,
till all that are Diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt.

Oh magnifie the Lord with me;
with me exalt his Name:
When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
he to my Reſcue came.
The Hoſts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Juſt:
Deliverance he affords to all,
who on his Succour truſt.

Oh, make but trial of his Love,
Experience will decide

How

How bleſt they are, and only they
who in his Truth confide.

Fear him ye Saints, and then you will
have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his Service your Delight,
your Wants ſhall be his Care.

While Hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide,
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

Approach ye Piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtructions hear;
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of his religious Fear.
Let him who length of Life deſires,
and proſperous Days would ſee,
From ſland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falſhood free.

The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis loſt renew.
The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes:
And when diſtreſt, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries.

But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe
whom Mercy can't reclaim;
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.

De-

Deliverance to his Saints he gives,
when his Relief they crave:
He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit ſave.

The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire;
For under their Afflictions weight
he keeps their Bones entire.

The Wicked from their wicked Arts,
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.

For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend:
To them and their Poſterity,
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Praiſe and Glory be
Aſcrib'd, as hath been, and is now,
to all Eternity.

Another.

PSAL. XXXVII.

Which Celebrates the Juſtice and Goodneſs of God's Providence.

PART I.

LET none be envious when he ſees
The Wicked's proſperous Eſtate;
Nor tempted by their good Succeſs,
Grow bold, their Crimes to imitate.

For ſo the Graſs is freſh and green,
Before the Mower cuts it down:
And beauteous Flowers within a while
Are wither'd by the ſcorching Sun.

The Wiſe are always doing Good,
And on God's Goodneſs do rely;
He their Enjoyments will ſecure,
And all their juſt Deſires ſupply.

Leave your Concerns unto his Care,
In firm Dependance on him live:
He'll either grant what thou wouldſt have,
Or what he knows is better, give.

Tho' Slanders and detracting Tongues,
Like Clouds thy Righteouſneſs obſcure,
He'll clear thy Innocence; the Light
At Noon ſhall not appear more pure.

Think not meer Wealth makes happy Men;
That little which contents the Poor,
Is better far than wicked Men's
Ill got, or ill employed Store.

PART II.

The Wicked's Pow'r tho' ne'er ſo great,
God will in pieces ſurely break:
But Good Men by his mighty Arm,
Shall be upheld tho' ne'er ſo weak.

The Lord directs a good Man's Steps,
And he delighteth in his Way;
He is not ruin'd by his Falls,
God's Power is his Support and Stay.

In all th' experience of my Life,
That liberal Man I ne'er could ſee,

Whoſe

Whoſe Alms expos'd himſelf to want,
Or brought his Race to beggery.

He's ever merciful, and lends,
And thus his Seed a Bleſſing gain;
Wouldſt thou in Peace and Safety dwell,
Do Good, and from all Sin abſtain.

For God in Nature Good and Juſt,
Thoſe who are like himſelf will own;
They ſhall continue when the Race
Of wicked Men is overthrown.

Wait then on God, and keep his Way,
So ſhall his promis'd Bleſſings be
Thy Portion, and when thou art rais'd,
The Wicked's Ruin thou ſhalt ſee.

I've ſeen the Wicked riſe to Pow'r,
Flouriſh like Lawrels ever green:
But ſuddenly their Ruin came,
And no remainder could be ſeen.

Mark but the Good and Perfect Man,
And him that's upright in his Ways:
Mercy attends his happy Life,
And quiet Peace concludes his Days.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
All Glory, Honour, Power, and Praiſe,
As was at firſt, be now aſcrib'd,
And ſtill, beyond the end of Days.

For FRYDAY MORNING.

PSAL. LXXVII.

Wherein is Celebrated God's awful Power.

SAFE lodg'd from Humane Search on high,
O God, thy Counsels are:
Who is so great a God as ours?
who can with Thee compare?
Long since a God of Wonders Thee
thy rescu'd People found;
Long since thou hast thy chosen Seed
with strong Deliverance crown'd.

When Thee, O God, the Waters saw,
the frighted Billows shrunk;
The troubled Depths themselves, for fear,
beneath their Channels sunk.
The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies
did with their Noise conspire:
Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.

Heav'n was with thy dread Thunders torn,
whilst all the lower World, seem'd,
With Lightning burst, Earth shook, and
from her Foundation hurl'd.
Thro' rouling Streams thou find'st thy Way;
thy Path in Waters lie;
Thy wondrous Passage, where no Sight
thy Footsteps can descry.

Thou ledst thy People like a Flock,
safe through the Desart Land:

By

By *Moſes*, their meek skilful Guide,
and *Aaron*'s ſacred Hand.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Conſubſtantial Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks,
Now, and for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. XCVII.

Which Celebrates God's awful Power and Favour to Good Men.

LET Earth rejoyce, ſince God does reign;
For tho' thick Darkneſs does ſurround,
And cloud his Ways of Providence,
Yet perfect Juſtice is their Ground.

When God prepares himſelf for Wrath,
His Lightnings Flame around the Skies:
A dreadful Fire before him goes,
To burn up all his Enemies.

Th' amazed Earth ſees this and quakes;
The Hills like melted Wax flow down;
The Heav'ns his Juſtice do proclaim,
And Men below his Glory own.

Confounded be thoſe Worſhipers,
That to a graven Image bow;
And boaſt of Idols. Worſhip Him
Angels above, and Gods below.

Good Men will hear the News with Joy,
When Judgments on theſe Sinners fall;
Which tell the World, their Gods are vain,
And thou art high above them all.

All ye that love and ſerve the Lord,
Strictly preſerve your Innocence;
Then let the Wicked ſeek your Fall,
God will ſtand up for your Defence.

Th' Immortal Seeds of Light and Bliſs,
For truly pious Men are ſown;
A joyful Harveſt will at length
Their Labours and their Sorrows Crown.

Then let your chearful Temper ſhow,
The God you ſerve is good and kind:
Praiſe him for all his Mercies paſt,
And wait with Joy for thoſe behind.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Conſubſtantial equal Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks,
As hath been, now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXXXV.

Which Celebrates God's awful Power and Favour to the Juſt.

THAT God is Great we often have
by glad Experience found;
And ſeen how he with wondrous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
For he with unreſiſted Strength
performs his Sovereign Will:
In Heav'n and Earth and watry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
He raiſes Vapours from the Ground,
which pois'd in liquid Air

Fall

Fall down at laſt in Showers, through which
the dreadful Lightnings glare.
He from his Storehouſe brings the Winds;
and he with vengeful Hand
The firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt.
through *Egypt*'s mourning Land.

He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
through ſtubborn *Egypt*'s Coaſts:
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his numerous Hoſts.
'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſt:
Sihon and *Og*, and all beſides,
that *Canaan*'s Land poſſeſt.

Their Land upon his choſen Race,
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall ever laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.
Glory to Thee moſt Great and Good,
thrice bleſſed Three in One,
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
till Time it ſelf be done.

For FRYDAY EVENING.

Compos'd from ſeveral Pſalms.

Being humble Acknowledgments of Sin, and Petitions for Pardon.

PART I.

WHAT Man the Failings of his Life
can fully call to Mind?

Lord, let theſe Faults thy Pity move,
and eaſie Pardon find.
Into my many Youthful Sins
no ſtrict enquiry make:
Thoſe early Faults, O Lord, forgive,
for thine own Goodneſs ſake.

Incourag'd by thy wonted Grace,
for Mercy I entreat:
Pardon my Sins, O Lord, that are
both numerous and great,
How weak alaſs we are, when God
for Sin, does Man chaſtiſe?
Like Garments fretted by the Moth,
his Beauty ruin'd lies.

My mournful State, O Lord, regard,
and to my Cry give Ear;
I am a ſtranger here on Earth,
as all my Fathers were.
Repair my Strength, O God, and ſpare
me yet a while, that I
May make my Peace with Thee, before
I go from hence and die.

My Troubles Lord, are ſore enlarg'd,
Oh ſend me quick Relief.
Grant me forgiveneſs of my Sins,
and then remove my Grief.

PART II.

Be merciful to me, O God,
and hear my mournful Voice:
Daily my Soul to Thee aſcends,
Oh make it to rejoyce.

Thou

Thou Lord art, Gracious and Good,
to pardon Sins enclin'd;
And all that humbly Thee Implore.
ſhall plenteous Mercy find.

To Thee I pray in my Diſtreſs,
in hopes thou wilt attend;
On Thee with Patience wait till Thou
a gracious Anſwer ſend.
Behold, O Lord, my ſinful Soul,
to Thee for Mercy flies;
Thy Mercy boundleſs is, blot out
all mine Iniquities.

Oh waſh away my Crimes, for Thou
alone canſt make me clean;
I now confeſs my Guilt, amaz'd
to ſee how vile I've been.
Show thou art reconcil'd as thoſe
whom *Hyſſop* ſprinkles know
They are abſolv'd: Thy Grace can waſh
and make me white as Snow.

Regard the fervent Pray'rs I make,
the Hopes I have in Thee;
And Lord, according to thy Truth
and Goodneſs anſwer me.
Let not my Failings be before
thy ſtrict Tribunal try'd:
For Lord, if thou ſhouldſt be ſevere,
none could be juſtifi'd

I'll ne'er ceaſe asking till my Soul
ſhall thy Refreſhments gain:
Thy Mercy which I gaſp for more
than thirſty Ground for Rain.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks,
Now and for ever be.

Another.

From PSAL. CXIX.

Being Petitions for Grace to keep the Commandments of God.

PART I.

THOU ſtrictly haſt enjoyn'd us Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will:
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statues to fulfill.
O may thy Holy Will and Law,
O'er all my Ways preſide;
And I the Courſe of all my Life,
by thy Direction Guide.

Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.
With hearty Zeal for thee I ſeek,
to thee for Succour pray:
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
from thy right Ways to ſtray.

Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid,
thy Word, my Treaſure lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.

Secur'd

Secur'd by that my grateful Soul,
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name:
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws,
my future Life to frame.

Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wondrous Things which they behold,
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy Righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.

If thou true Wiſdom from above,
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws, I will
devote my zealous Heart.
Direct me in the ſacred Ways,
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.

Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
encline my willing Heart;
Let no deſire of Worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.
From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this falſe World diſplays,
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength,
to keep thy righteous Ways.

PART II.

O'er all the Earth, thy Mercy Lord,
abundantly is ſhed:

Oh make me then exactly learn
thy ſacred Paths to tread.
Thou art, O Lord, ſupreamly Good,
and all thou doſt is ſo:
On me thy Statutes to diſcern
the ſaving Skill beſtow.

To me who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The Heavenly Underſtanding give,
to learn thy juſt Commands.
In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
continue always ſound;
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,
may never me confound.

On me, devoted to thy Fear,
the ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
the full extent may know.
With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.

Directed by thy Heavenly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind
have Power over me.
Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give;
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

Teach me, my God, to do thy Will;
and let thy Spirit of Love

Conduct

Conduct me in thoſe Paths that lead
to Happineſs above.
Glory to Thee, Great Source of Good,
One Coeternal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
now and for ever be.

For SATURDAY MORNING.

PSAL. CXXXIX.

Which Celebrates God's Omniſcience, and Omni-preſence.

PART I.

LORD, when I have to do with Thee,
In vain I ſeek to be conceal'd:
Thou knowſt me perfectly, to Thee
My very Thoughts are all reveal'd.

Both when I ſit, and when I riſe,
My Walking, and my Lying down;
To Thee my Works, and all my Words,
Better than to my ſelf are known.

On every ſide within the reach
Of thine encircling Arm I lie;
Whoſe Force I neither can reſiſt,
Nor 'ſcape the Notice of thine Eye.

Whither can I retire, and find
A place where God does never come?
His Glories I ſhould meet in Heav'n;
His Pow'r, had I in Hell a Room.

Could I remove to th' utmoſt Sea,
Wing'd with the ſwifteſt Morning Ray;
Thy Hand which thither muſt ſupport
My Flight, would my Abode betray.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The blackeſt Curtains of the Night,
All will be clear to Thee, for what
We Darkneſs call to Thee is Light.

My inmoſt Reins by Thee poſſeſt,
With all th' Affections ſeated there,
To Thee that mad'ſt thoſe hidden Springs
Within the Womb muſt needs appear.

PART II.

In all thy Works, O Lord, I ſee
The Footſteps of thy wondrous Skill;
And to excite my Praiſe, I find
Within my ſelf more Wonders ſtill.

Unſeen by all, when form'd within
The dark Receſſes of the Womb!
Before the fine Embroidery
Of Parts was to Perfection come.

In that rude Maſs thou didſt diſcern
The daily growth of every part:
And what th' Eternal Mind had fram'd,
Was copied out with curious Art.
Lord, I admire the various Thoughts,
And the wiſe Counſels of thy Mind:
Their Sum is Infinite, yet all
Are dear to me, becauſe they're kind.

Their Number's greater than the Sand;
Which while my buſie Thoughts run o're

I sleep, and find, when I awake,
I'm only where I was before.

Lord, since my Thoughts accuse me not,
Of living in a false Disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The trial of thy piercing Eyes.

Search me, and if thou see'st that I
Unwillingly have done amiss,
Correct my Errours, and reduce
My Wandrings to the way of Bliss.

Glory to Thee, Great God alone,
Three Persons in one Deity:
As it has been in Ages past,
Shall now, and still for ever be.

Another.

Compos'd from several Psalms.

Which Celebrates God's Immutable Excellency.

O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
of thine own chosen Race:
From Age to Age thou still hast been
our sure abiding Place.
Before thou broughtst the Mountains forth,
or Earth, and World didst frame:
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the same.

For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain;

Thy Word eſtabliſt'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.
Through circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand;
As doth the Earth, which thou upholdſt
by thy Almighty Hand.

All things the Courſe by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfill;
They are the faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.
Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted, and expir'd
in dark Afflictions Night.

Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts,
ſhall never, Lord, depart.
For thou, by them, haſt to new Life,
reſtor'd my dying Heart.
I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below:
But thy Commandments, like thy ſelf,
no Change, or Period know.

Beyond the Limits of the Skie,
thy Mercy, Lord, extends;
Thy Faithfulneſs the narrow Bounds
of Space and Time tranſcends.
Mountains may be remov'd before
thy Truth ſhall fail the leaſt:
Thy Judgments none can fathom, Thou
preſerveſt Man and Beaſt.

Th' Eternal God has plac'd on high,
his Throne in glorious Light:

When

When he appears to Judge the World,
his Sentence will be right.
From him th' Oppreſs'd ſhall find Relief,
and Refuge in Diſtreſs;
No good Men's Hopes return aſham'd,
nor Pray'rs without Succeſs.
I'll bleſs the Lord with all my Soul,
and all his Works proclaim;
Gladneſs ſhall fill my Heart, while I
ſing Praiſes to his Name.
Glory to Thee, moſt Glorious God,
One Coeternal Three:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Eternal Glory be.

For SATURDAY EVENING.

From PSAL. CXIX.

Expreſſions of the Excellency and Eſteem of God's Commandments.

PART I.

LORD, far away from me do thou
Contempt and Shame remove:
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.
Lord, thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.
That peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,

By

By ſtrict Obſervance of thy Will,
I happily obtain'd.
'Tis good for me, that I have felt
Affliction's chaſtening Rod;
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.

The Law which from thy Mouth proceeds,
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than all the Mines the Earth contains
of Silver, and of Gold.
The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay:
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſht Thoughts all day.

Through thy Commands I wiſer grow,
than all my ſubtle Foes:
For thy ſure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.
How ſweet are all thy Words to me!
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul
than Honey to my Taſt!

Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with Heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treacherous ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.
The Wonders which thy Law contain,
no Words can repreſent;
Therefore, to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.

PART II.

How bleſt are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths
of God's Commandments ſtray!
How bleſt, who to his Righteous Laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal,
his Favour ſought to win!

Such Men their utmoſt caution uſe,
to ſhun each wicked Deed:
But in the Path which he directs,
with conſtant care proceed.
The very entrance of his Word
Celeſtial Light diſplays;
And knowledge of true Happineſs
to ſimpleſt Minds conveys.

His ſacred Word my joyful Breaſt
with Heav'nly Rapture warms:
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.
Oft-times a day with grateful Voice
thy Praiſes, Lord, I ſound;
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

Secure ſubſtantial Peace have they,
who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
tho' ne'er ſo long delay'd;

With

With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care,
all thy Commands obey'd.

Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend;
That I according to thy Word,
my future Time may ſpend.
All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One everliving Lord;
As at the firſt ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Another.

Compos'd from ſeveral Pſalms.

A Prayer for the Light of God's Countenance.

BLeſt Fountain of my Joys, for thee
I long, to thee I look;
No chaſed Hart can pant ſo much
after the Water-brook.
For all the Springs of Joy and Life
derived are from thee;
From thy continued Favour flows
all our Felicity.

When God is preſent to my Mind,
my Fears are overblown:
When he ſtands by me with his Aid,
no Pow'r can caſt me down:
The Contemplation of thy Love
yields me the beſt Delight;
This both engages and excites
my Care to walk aright.

Tho'

Tho' others in diſtruſt of Thee,
to other Succours fly;
Thou art our Hope, Lord, caſt on us
a favourable Eye.
Thy Love more chears my Heart, than when
their Corn has wiſh'd encreaſe;
Or when a happy Vintage makes
their Wine o'erflow the Preſs.

Down will I lie in Peace, and Sleep
ſhall cloſe my wearied Eyes:
No Fears diſturb me whilſt I know,
in God my Safety lies.
When others ſleep, my wakeful Thoughts
preſent Thee to my Mind;
And in the Night I think how Good
my God has been, and kind.

Since thou alone haſt been my Help,
to thee alone I fly;
And on thy watchful Providence
with chearfulneſs rely.
On me devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart will I encline.

Glory and Praiſe let all aſcribe
to Thee, Great God, alone;
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
Now, and till Time be done.

DE-

DEVOTIONS

IN

Pſalms and *Hymns*,

AND

Spiritual Songs,

FOR

Particular TIMES, and DAYS,
and SEASONS of the Year.

BRITISH MUSEUM

For the Time of

ADVENT.

PSAL. L.

Which foretells the Final Judgment of Men.

THE Lord hath ſpoke; the Mighty (God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad;
From dawning Light till Day (declines
The Liſtning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.
Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence as before;
But waſting Flames before him ſend.
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely Rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage,
His Juſt Tribunal to attend.

Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the Great Divine Decree)
That in my laſting Cov'nant live,
And Off'rings bring with conſtant care:
(The Heav'ns his Juſtice ſhall declare)
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.
Attend my People *Iſrael*, hear,
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;

Thy

Thy God, thy only God am I.
'Tis not of Off'rings I'll complain,
Which daily in my Temple ſlain,
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.
Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take;
Nor He-Goat from thy Fold accept:
The Foreſt Beaſts that Range alone,
The Cattel too are all my own,
That on a Thouſand Hills are kept.
I know the Fowls that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and Salvage Beaſts
That looſely haunt the open Fields.
If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
Thinkſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed?
To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Bloud?
The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made Good.
In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free,
And thou returns of Praiſe ſhalt make.
But to the Wicked, thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws Abroad?
Or in thy Mouth my Covenant take?
For ſtubborn thou confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak;
When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,

Thou

Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.
Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and ſpight
Deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread:
Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound
The Off-ſpring of thy Mother's Bed.

Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence, and with Love,
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch an one as thou:
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.
Mark this ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own.
Who praiſes me, due Honour gives,
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
The glorious King of Heaven above:
To the Great Father, God of Might,
And to the Son, our ſaving Light,
And to the Holy Spirit of Love;
Let the bright Angel's lofty Choir,
With their united Songs conſpire,
His matchleſs Glories forth to ſhow:
Let all the World through ev'ry Age,
In this moſt joyful Praiſe engage,
As hath been done, and we do now.

For Chriſtmas-Day *Morning.*

PSAL. XIX.

PART I.

(ſee

THE Heavens whoſe beauteous Face we
God's Skill, and Power Proclaim:
The Laws by which each Day ſucceeds
the Night declare the ſame.
Theſe, tho' they have no Voice like ours,
nor Words to them belong;
Yet they expreſs to all the World
thy Praiſe without a Tongue.

The Sun has there a glorious Tent;
no Bridegroom ſhows his Face
So chearful, and no Champion runs
with ſo much Strength his Race.
Forth from the Eaſtern Coaſt he bends
his Courſe unto the Weſt;
The Earth rejoyces in his Light,
and with his Heat is bleſt.

God's Law's a perfect Rule of Life,
our Errours that deſcries:
Sinners to Goodneſs it converts,
and makes the Simple Wiſe.
To Reaſon, and our better Powers
his juſt Commands accord:
Their Joys are pure, and to the Soul
both Food and Light afford.

PART.

PART II.

Thy Fear, O Lord, can cleanſe our Souls,
and keep them pure and bright:
Thy Judgments are exactly true,
and altogether right.
More to be priz'd than Treaſures, which
with fineſt Gold are fill'd:
Sweeter than Honey, and the Drops
from Honey-Combs diſtill'd.

Theſe are my Monitors, to whom
my proſperous State I own;
And in obſerving theſe, ſhall gain
Rewards that are unknown.
But all the Failings of his Life,
what Man can call to Mind?
Lord, let thoſe Faults thy Pity move,
and eaſie Pardon find.

Tho' frail I am, let no bold Crimes
enſlave my Soul to Sin;
So ſhall I blameleſs Innocence
maintain, and Peace within.
My Prayers and Praiſes then ſhall be
a pleaſing Sacrifice,
To thee my God, in whom my Strength
and my Salvation lies.

To thee Great God of Heav'n and Earth,
each Knee for ever bow;
May all thy Bleſſed ſing above,
and we adore below.

Another.

PSAL. XLV.

WHile I the King's juſt Praiſe rehearſe,
endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;
Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God, on thee,
Eternally beſtows.

Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array;
With glorious Ornaments of Power
Majeſtick Pomp diſplay.
Ride on in State, and ſtill protect
the Meek, the Juſt, and True;
Whilſt thy Right Hand with ſwift Revenge
does all thy Foes purſue.

How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Power deſpiſe!
Down fall they all, while thro' their Heart
the winged Arrow flies.
But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd,
for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's ſway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous Laws ſecure.

Becauſe thy Heart by Juſtice led,
did upright ways approve;
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths,
where wandring Sinners rove;

There-

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee,
the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

With Caſſia, Aloes, and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful Odours round.
Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait:
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right Hand,
in golden Robes of State.

PART II.

But thou, O Royal Bride, give Ear,
and to my Words attend:
Forget thy native Country now,
and every former Friend.
So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due Reverence pay.

The *Tyrian* Matrons Rich, and Proud,
ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue
thy Favour to partake.
The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul,
all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with coſtly Skill.

She in her Nuptial Garment dreſt,
with Needles richly wrought;

Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought,
With all the ſolemn State of Joy
the Triumph moves along:
Till with wide Gates, the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.

Thou in thy Royal Father's Room,
muſt Princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to different Realms mayſt ſend,
to Govern and Protect.
Whilſt this my Song to future times,
tranſmits thy Glorious Name;
And makes the World with one conſent,
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks
now, and for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. LXXXV.

THY Mercy Lord, has chang'd our Doom,
Thy Captives to their Land are come;
And all their Sins are done away.
Thine Anger which was fierce before,
Is now remov'd, and flames no more:
O let it ever ceaſe we pray.
When wilt thou Lord from Wrath refrain,
Raiſe and revive our Joys again?
Thy ſaving Mercies, Lord, reſtore.

I'll

I'll liſten to the Voice of Peace,
Which God will to his Saints expreſs,
If they return to Sin no more.

Surely thy ſaving Health is near
To ſuch as thee ſincerely fear:
And Glory to our Land will bring;
Mercy and Truth together meet;
Juſtice and Peace each other greet,
And Truth out of the Earth ſhall ſpring.
From Heav'n ſhall Righteouſneſs look down;
God with his Bleſſings will us Crown;
Our Land with Plenty ſhall o'erflow.
When Righteouſneſs prepares his Way,
Juſtice with us ſhall longer ſtay,
And Mercy tread where this does go.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
The Glorious King of Heav'n above.
To thee Great Father, God of Might,
And to the Son, our ſaving Light,
And to the Holy Spirit of Love.
Let the bright Angel's Heavenly Choir.
With their united Hymns conſpire,
His matchleſs Glories forth to ſhow:
Let all the World through every Age,
In this moſt joyful Praiſe engage,
And make a Heav'n too here below.

For CHRISMAS-DAY EVENING.

PSAL. LXXXIX.

THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song:
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue,
Thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.

I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt:
Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice;
With *David* I a League have made,
To him my Servant, and my Choice,
By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd.

While Earth and Seas, and Skies endure
Thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain:
To them I will thy Throne enſure,
They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign.

For ſo ſtupendious Truth and Love,
Both Heav'ns and Earth juſt Praiſes owe.
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.

With Reverence and religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs:
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
Who his Almighty Name confeſs.

Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength, or Pow'r like thine renown'd?

of

Of ſuch a num'rous faithful faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?
In thee the Sovereign Right remains
Of Earth and Heaven; The Lord alone
The World, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand;
Yet Lord, thou doſt with Juſtice Reign,
Poſſeſt of Abſolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.

PART II.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy Sacred Trumpet's joyful ſound:
Who may at Feſtivals appear
With thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.

Thy Saints ſhall always be o'rejoy'd,
Who on thy Sacred Name rely;
And in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.

For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
Whoſe Conqueſts from thy Favour ſpring.
The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
And *Iſrael*'s God, our *Iſrael*'s King.

Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice;
A Mighty Champion I will ſend
From *Judah*'s Tribe, I have made choice
Of one who ſhall the reſt defend.

My Servant *David* I have found,
With Holy Oil anointed him:
Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that Crown'd,
And guard that gave the Diadem.

No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
No Son of Strife ſhall him annoy:
His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
And them before his Face deſtroy.

Me for his Father he ſhall take;
His God and Rock of Safety call;
Him I my firſt-born Son will make,
And Earthly Kings his Subjects all.

To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
My Covenant make for ever faſt:
His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
His Throne, till Heav'n diſſolve, ſhall laſt.

PART III.

But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
And from my Sacred Footſteps ſtray:
If they my Righteous Statutes break,
Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey.

Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
And for their Folly make them ſmart;
Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my Truth like them depart.

My Covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But in remembrance faſt retain;
The thing which once my Lips have ſpoke,
Shall in Eternal Force remain.

Once have I ſworn; but once for all,
And made my Holineſs the tye;
That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
Nor to my Servant *David* lie.

Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
Shall like his Courſe eſtabliſht ſee:

Of

Of this my Oath thou conſcious Moon,
In Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be.

Such was thy Gracious Promiſe Lord:
But thou haſt now our Tribes forſook;
Thine own anointed haſt abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
The Covenant with thy Servant made:
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt his Honour laid.

His Ruin does glad Tydings yield,
To Foes advanc'd by thee to Might:
Thou haſt his conquering Sword unſteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.

His Glory is to Darkneſs fled:
His Throne is levell'd to the Ground;
His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd, and Sorrow (drown'd.

How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn.
Till that and we at once expire?

Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space
Thou didſt for mortal Life ordain:
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain,

What Man is he, that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul?
The Grave which muſt Mankind entomb.

Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundles Grace?
The Oath to which thy Truth did seal?
Consign'd to *David*, and his Race,
The Grant which Time should ne'er repeal?

See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach, and Spite;
Which in my silent Breast I bear
From Nations of licentious Spite.

How they reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy Servants hope their Jest:
Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,
And ever sing, the Lord be blest.

Glory to thee, Great God alone,
Three Persons in one Deity,
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now, and still for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CX.

THus spake the Lord unto his Son;
Sit thou advanc'd on my Right Hand,
Till all thy conquer'd Foes shall crouch,
And wait their Doom from thy Command.

From *Sion* shall the Word go forth,
Which like a Scepter thou shalt sway;
To bring the Stubborn under Rule,
And make them willingly obey.

Thy Conquests shall be great that Day;
The num'rous Converts thou shalt view,

Shall

Shall make an Army that exceeds
The Cryſtal Drops of Morning Dew.

The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd,
By Oath, which he can never break;
To make thee an Eternal Prieſt,
Of th' Order of *Melchiſedek.*

And when he to his Throne is rais'd,
Proud Monarchs that oppoſe his Reign,
Shall fall; and all the wicked World,
That will not ſtoop to him, be ſlain.

While he purſues this Work, he'll ſtoop
To mean Refreſhments in the way:
But with a glorious Reward,
God will his Sufferings repay.

Glory and Praiſe to God alone,
Three Perſons in One Deity;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now, and ſtill for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXXXII.

WIth awful Rev'rence let us all
to God's Abode repair;
And proſtrate at his Footſtool faln,
make this our humble Pray'r.
Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant place of Reſt:
Be that not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.

Cloath

Cloath thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs,
thy Saints make to rejoyce:
And for thy Servant *David*'s ſake,
hear thine Anointed's Voice.
God ſware to *David* in his Truth,
nor ſhall his Oath be vain,
One of thy Off-ſpring after thee,
upon thy Throne ſhall reign.

And if thy Seed my Covenant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit,
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
For *Sion* does in God's eſteem
all other Seats excel:
His place of everlaſting Reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.

Her Store, ſays he, I will encreaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs:
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts,
my ſaving Health confeſs.
There *David*'s Pow'r ſhall long remain
in his ſucceſſive Line;
And my anointed Servant there,
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.

The Faces of his vanquiſht Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Conſubſtantial Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks,
now and for ever be.

For Epiphany-*Morning.*

The Song of Zacharias, *Luke* 1. 68.

LET *Iſrael's* powerful God and King
Eternally be bleſt;
Who came from Heav'n to viſit us,
and all our Bonds releaſt.
In *David's* Houſe a Saviour rais'd,
to ſit upon his Throne:
This ever ſince the World began,
the Prophets have foreſhown.
That he would ſave us from the Power,
and Malice of our Foes:
And would perform the Mercy he
T' our Fathers did diſcloſe.
To call to mind how he engag'd
his Truth by Covenant:
His ſolemn Oath to *Abraham* ſworn,
That he his Grace would grant.
To ſerve him without fear from all
our Adverſaries freed;
And to continue all our Days
a holy Life to lead.
He by remiſſion of Men's Sins,
does make Salvation known.
God's tender Mercy, when this Sun
aroſe, to all was ſhown.
He will our ſad and mournful State
with Light and Comfort bleſs;

And guide our Feet into the Way
of Peace and Happineſs.
Glory to thee Great God,
One Coeternal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. LXVII.

SHew Mercy to us, Lord;
Bleſs us with Gifts Divine;
O let the Glories of thy Face
On us thy Servants ſhine.
May thy hid Ways be known,
Thy Fear on Earth abound:
And thy Salvation over all
The Heathen World reſound.

Let all in Pſalms of Praiſe,
Their grateful Thoughts expreſs:
Let all the People round the World,
Thy mighty Name confeſs.
The Nations now may ſing
Their Joys, ſince God does reign;
He rules with Wiſdom, this great Judge
With Righteouſneſs maintain.

Let all in Pſalms of Praiſe
Their grateful Thoughts expreſs:
Let all the People round the World
Thy mighty Name confeſs.
Then ſhall the enriched Earth
With Plenty overflow;

And God on all his other Gifts
His Bleſſing will beſtow.
His Bleſſings ſhower'd on us
Our happy Days ſhall Crown:
His Power and Greatneſs all the World
With humble Fear ſhall own.
Glory to Thee, O Lord,
One Coeternal Three;
To Father Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Now and for ever be.

For EPIPHANY-EVENING.

PSALM LXXII.

PART I.

LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King,
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son throughout his Reign,
Thy righteous Laws reſpect.
So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge,
with pure and upright Mind;
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him,
their juſt Protector find.
Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Lands ſhall own to be
the Works of Righteouſneſs;
Whilſt he the Poor and Needy Race
ſhall Rule with gentle Sway;

And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.
In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt:
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time it ſelf ſhall laſt.
He ſhall deſcend like Rain that chears
the Meadow's ſecond Birth:
Or like warm Show'rs whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.
In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good,
ſhall be with Favour crown'd:
The happy Lands ſhall ev'ry where,
with endleſs Peace abound.
His uncontroul'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend:
Begin at proud *Euphrates*'s Flood,
at Nature's limits end.
To him the Salvage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads:
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſt ſpreads.
The Kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring:
From ſpicy *Sheba* Gifts ſhall come,
And Wealthy *Saba*'s King.
To him ſhall every King on Earth,
his humble Homage pay;
And differing Nations gladly joyn,
to own his Righteous Sway.
For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry;

Shall

Shall ſave the Helpleſs, and the Poor,
And all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

His Providence for needy Souls,
ſhall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs Lives,
ſhall watch with tender Care.
He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free;
And in his Sight their guiltleſs Blood,
of mighty Price ſhall be.

Therefore ſhall God, his Life and Reign,
to many Years extend;
While Eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Preſents ſend.
The Memory of his Glorious Name,
through endleſs Years ſhall run:
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright,
and laſting as the Sun.

In him, the Nations of the World
ſhall be compleatly bleſt;
And his unbounded Happineſs
by ev'ry Tongue confeſt.
Then bleſt be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom *Iſrael* fears,
Who only wondrous in his Works,
beyond compare appears.

Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd,
and ever bleſs his Name:
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World,
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Let ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Tribe,
ſing Praiſes evermore.

Another.

PSAL. XCVIII.

REnew your Songs to God, and tell
what Wonders he hath done:
Let all proclaim the Victories,
his powerful Arm hath won.
His Mercy, which was kept before
a Secret, and enclos'd,
Now to the clear and open view
of Heathens is expos'd.

His promis'd Goodneſs, and his Truth,
was firſt to *Iſrael* ſhown:
But now the ends of th' Earth have ſeen
his great Salvation.
Let all the Earth this welcome News,
applaud with loudeſt Noiſe:
Joyn Muſick to their Hymns of Praiſe,
to teſtifie their Joys.

Let ſwelling Seas roar, and excite
the Joys of Neighbouring Lands:
Let ecchoing Hills the Noiſe repeat,
and Rivers clap their Hands.
Whole Nature well may feel a change,
when God's Approach is nigh;
Who comes to judge and rule the World,
With Truth and Equity.

Let

Let all the Nations of the World,
their great Creator Praiſe,
And all its ſcatter'd People join,
his mighty Name to raiſe.
Whoſe Kindneſs towards us is great;
his Mercies ever ſure;
Then let our Praiſes like his Truth,
for ever ſtill endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Let ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Tribe,
ſing Praiſes evermore.

For Aſhwedneſday *and the Time of* Lent.

The Penitential Pſalms.

PSAL. VI.

LORD, I can well endure, when thou
doſt kindly me chaſtiſe:
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it never riſe.
Pity my weak Eſtate, and thoſe
Perplexities I feel,
While cruſhed by thy Hand; O let
thy gentler Touches heal.
In Mercy, Lord, return, and ſpare
my Life: For in the Grave
None can remember thee, nor thou
Acknowledgments canſt have.
See how I paſs my weary Days
in Groans, and when 'tis Night,
I drown my Bed and ſelf in Tears;
my Grief conſumes my ſight.
Depart ye wicked Foes, your Hopes
are daſht; my mournful Voice
will bring me Help from God, when you
come flocking to rejoyce.
The Lord hath heard my Pray'r, and thoſe
that gaped for a Prey,

Vexed

Vexed at their defeated Hopes,
with Shame ſhall turn away.
To thee, Great God, and Lord above,
One Coeternal Three,
All Glory, Pow'r, and Praiſe, and Love,
Now and for ever be.

PSAL. XXXII.

HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in Judgment to appear;
Whoſe guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe Repentance is ſincere.

While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All day did I with Anguiſh roar,
But no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief.

Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd;
By Day and Night alike diſtreſt;
Till quite of Vital Moiſture drein'd,
Like Lands with Summer's Drought oppreſt.

No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
The Guilt that tortur'd me within;
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek thee whilſt thou mayſt be found:
They from the common Deluge freed,
Shall ſee remorſleſs Sinners drown'd.

Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
My Tower of Refuge I muſt own:

Thou

Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
And me with Songs of Triumph Crown.

In my Inſtruction then confide,
Ye that would Truth's ſafe Paths deſcry:
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.

Submit your ſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe, and Mule,
Whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd, and rein'd.

Sorrows on Sorrows multiplied,
The hardned Sinner ſhall confound:
But them who in his Truth confide,
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.

His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
Their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them, as they alone have Cauſe;
In grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
All Honour, Power, Love, and Praiſe;
As was at firſt, now may it be,
And ſtill beyond the end of Days.

PSAL: XXXVIII.

THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
tho' I deſerve it all:
Nor let at once on me the Storm.
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
In ev'ry wretched part of me,
thy Arrows deep remain;

Thy

Thy heavy Hand's afflicting weight,
I can no more ſuſtain.
My Fleſh is one continued Wound,
thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows:
Betwixt my Puniſhment, and Guilt,
my Bones have no repoſe.
My Sins that to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'erflow:
And for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vaſt a Burthen grow.
Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt return:
With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all day long I mourn.
A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry part;
With Sickneſs worn I groan, and roar
through Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes,
all my Deſires appear:
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen, gaze aloof,
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.
Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all day,
to forge ſome new Deceit.

But I, as if both Deaf and Dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd;
Quite Deaf and Dumb, like one whose Tongue
with conscious Guilt is ty'd.

For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear:
Assur'd, that thou the Righteous God,
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
Hear me, said I, lest my proud Foes
a spiteful Joy display:
Insulting, if they see my Foot
but once to go astray.

And with continual Grief oppress,
to sink I now begin:
To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
to thee bewail my Sin.
But whilst I languish, my proud Foes,
their Strength and Vigour boast;
And they that hate me without cause,
are grown a dreadful Host.

Even they whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindness with Despight;
And are my Enemies, because
I chuse the Path that's right.
Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my Relief, O thou,
who my Salvation art.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One undivided Three;
All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks,
Now and for ever be.

PSAL.

PSAL. LI.

BEhold, O Lord, my ſinful Soul,
to thee for Mercy flies:
Thy Mercy boundleſs is, blot out
all mine Iniquities.
Oh, waſh away my Crimes, for thou
alone canſt make me clean.
I now confeſs my Guilt, amaz'd
to ſee how vile I've been.

Tho' none can call me to account.
thy Sentence, Lord, I fear:
If judg'd by thee, I know I muſt
be caſt, and thou be clear.
I was conceiv'd, and born in Sin,
too prone to do amiſs;
But Purity, and Truth of Heart
to thee moſt pleaſing is.

Shew thou art reconcil'd, as thoſe
whom *Hyſſop* ſprinkles know
They are abſolv'd; thy Grace can waſh,
and make me white as Snow.
My Sins have forfeited the Joys,
and Peace, that once I had:
Thy Voice would heal my broken Bones,
thy Pardon make them glad.

No longer, Lord, behold my Sins
with a diſpleaſed look:
O take their Stains out of my Soul,
their Guilt out of thy Book.

PART II.

Create in me, O Lord, a Heart
unſpotted in thy Sight:
Renew in me a Mind unmov'd
from Goodneſs, and upright.
Lord, do not caſt me from thy Sight,
as one thou canſt not love;
Nor let thy Spirit, tho' griev'd too much,
his Grace from me remove.

His Comforts and free Aids t' uphold
my feeble Pow'rs afford:
Thus Sinners will amend their Ways,
and turn unto the Lord.
Oh ſave me from the Guilt of Bloud,
that Sin of Crimſom Die;
Then I'll proclaim thy Faithfulneſs,
and ſing thy Clemency.

My open'd Lips ſhall ſpeak thy Praiſe,
for this thou doſt deſire;
Rather than Sacrifice of Beaſts
conſumed in the Fire.
Thou doſt a broken contrite Heart
more than all Offerings prize:
This Preſent now I humbly bring,
which God will not deſpiſe.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Praiſe and Glory be
Aſcrib'd, as heretofore, ſo now,
and to Eternity.

PSAL. CII.

LOrd, hear the Prayers and mournful Cries
of mine afflicted State;
And with thy Comforts chear my Soul,
before it be too late.
My Days like the declining Shades,
make haſt and fly away;
As Flowers before the ſcorching Sun,
they wither and decay.

But thou, Lord, ever ſhalt remain
the ſame thou ever waſt:
And the Memorial of thy Truth,
ſhall to all Ages laſt.
Lord, take me not away, before
my better Days be paſt:
Thine undeclining Years beyond
all Generations laſt.

Th' unknown Foundations of the Earth,
of old by thee were laid;
The fair and beauteous Heavens ſhow
the Work thy Hands have made.
Theſe all ſhall periſh and wax old,
like Garments thrown aſide;
But tho' they change thy Years ne'er fail,
thou doſt the ſame abide.

The Name and Glory of the Lord,
all Heathen Kings ſhall fear:
When he ſhall *Sion* build again,
and in full State appear:

When he regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Prayer,
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.

Thou to the Children of thy Saints
ſhalt laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race ſecurely fix'd,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.
All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever living Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

PSAL. CXXX.

PLung'd in the Confines of Deſpair,
To God I cry'd with fervent Pray'r:
O lend to me a gracious Ear,
Not ſunk ſo low, but thou canſt hear.

Shouldſt thou againſt each evil Deed,
In ſtrict Severity proceed;
Who would be able to abide
Thy Cenſure, or be juſtify'd?

But thou Forgiveneſs doſt proclaim,
That Men may turn and fear thy Name.
To thy rich Grace, O Lord, we fly,
And on thy Promiſes rely.

My Soul leſs brooks thy ſeeming ſtay,
Than Guards that watch th'approaching day:
O therefore let the Good, and Juſt,
In God alone repoſe their Truſt.

The

The frailty of our State he knows;
His plenteous Mercy ever flows.
To humble Souls he gracious is,
And Pardons what they've done amiſs.

Great ever-living God to thee,
In Eſſence One in Perſons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And ev'ry Age thy Glory ſing.

PSAL. CLXIII.

REgard the fervent Prayers I make,
the Hopes I have in thee:
And, Lord, according to thy Truth,
and Goodneſs anſwer me.
Let not my Failings be, before
thy ſtrict Tribunal tried:
For, Lord, if thou ſhouldſt be ſevere,
none could be juſtified.

I'll ne'er ceaſe asking, till my Soul
ſhall thy Refreſhments gain:
Thy Mercy which I gaſp for more
than thirſty Ground for Rain.
My Spirits ſink while thou delayſt
th' Aſſiſtance I would have:
If God ſtill frown on my Requeſts,
'twill ſink me to the Grave.

The Night is witneſs of my Tears,
as well as Truſt in thee:
Oh let the joyful Morning tell
thy Kindneſs towards me.

Lord, be my Guide, that I may find
the Way where I ſhould go;
And be my Refuge from their Pow'r,
that ſeek my overthrow.

Teach me, my God, to do thy Will,
and let thy Spirit of Love
Conduct me in thoſe Paths that lead
to Happineſs above.
Revive my fainting Soul, thy Name,
and Honour to advance;
Thy Faithfulneſs ſhall brightly ſhine
in my Deliverance.

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe
to the Myſterious Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

For

For the Commemoration of our Saviour's Paſſion; beginning on the Fifth Sunday in Lent; *and for* Good-Friday-*Morning.*

From PSAL. XXII.

PART I.

MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me,
When I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
Yet thou art ſtill the Righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſt;
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are,
of right to thee addreſt.

On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliverance found:
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.
But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of Human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

With Laughter all the gazing Crowd,
my Agonies ſurvey:
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus deriding ſay:

In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
that he was Heav'ns Delight:
Let God come down to ſave him now,
and own his Favourite.

Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help, thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

PART II.

My God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me,
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
My Bloud like Water's ſpill'd, my Joynts
are wrackt and out of frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.

My Strength like Potters Earth is parch'd,
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws:
And to the ſilent Shades of Death,
my fainting Soul withdraws.

Like Blood-hounds they ſurround me; they
in packt Aſſemblies meet;
They peirc'd my Inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.

My Body's rackt, till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told;
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.

As Spoil my Garments they divide;
Lots on my Veſture caſt;

There-

Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
and to my Succour haſt.
From their ſharp Sword protect thou me,
of all but Life bereft;
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.
Then to my Breth'ren I'll declare,
the Triumphs of thy Name:
In preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim.

Ye worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
all ye of *Iſrael*'s Line,
O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
ſincere Obedience joyn.
He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs,
to caſt a gracious Eye!
Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
but hears its humble Cry.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Perſons Three,
All Praiſe and Glory, as hath been,
Now and for ever be.

PSAL. XL.

PART I.

I Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchſaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.

He took me from the diſmal Pit,
When founder'd deep in miry Clay:

On ſolid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
And ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.

The Wonders he for me has wrought,
Shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe:
And others to his Worſhip brought,
To hopes of like Deliverance raiſe.

For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
And hates the Hypocrites diſguiſe.

Who can the wondrous Works recount,
Which thou, O God, haſt for us wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, or Thought.

I've learn'd, that thou haſt not deſir'd
Offerings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Bloud of Guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
For my Tranſgreſſions to attone.

I therefore come, come to fulfil,
The Oracles thy Books impart:
'Tis my Delight to do thy Will,
Thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

O Lord, to my Relief draw near,
For never was more preſſing need;
In my Deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliverance ſpeed.

Confuſion on their Heads return,
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine:
Let them defeated bluſh, and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

Their

Their Doom let Deſolation be,
With Shame their Malice be repaid;
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
And ſport of my Affliction made.

While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
With me reſound, *The Lord be prais'd.*

Thus wretched, tho' I am, and poor,
On me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore
To my Relief, with ſpeed repair.

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe
To the Divine Myſterious Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
May now, henceforth, and ever be.

PSAL. LIV.

LORD, ſave me for thy Glorious Name,
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
Meer Strangers whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.

But God takes part with all my Friends,
and he's the ſureſt Guard:
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes
their Falſhood's due Reward.

While

While I my grateful Offering bring,
and Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my time to come,
delightfully employ.

From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs,
the Lord hath ſet me free;
Through him ſhall I, of all my Foes,
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

Glory to thee Immortal God,
One great Co-equal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
Now and for ever be.

For the EVENING.

PSAL. LXIX.

SAve me, O God, from Waves that roul,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul:
With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.

With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint;
My Voice is hoarſe with long complaint;
My Sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

My Hairs, tho' numerous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me purſue,
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of might,
To execute their lawleſs Spite.

Lord God of Hoſts, take timely care,
Leſt for my Sake thy Saints deſpair;

Since

Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name,
Reproach, and hide my Face in Shame.

For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name,
Conſumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to thee,
More than their Slanders caſt on me.

My very Tears and Abſtinence,
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful Senſe,
When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their Sake,
They me their common Proverb make.

But Lord, to thee I will repair,
For Help with humble timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store;
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Power.

PART II.

Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Goodneſs ſake:
Relieve thy Supplicant once more,
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.

Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face,
Make haſt, for deſperate is my Caſe.
Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And Shield me from remorſeleſs Foes.

Thou knowſt what Infamy and Scorn,
I from mine Enemies have born:
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots eſcape thy Sight.

Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for ſome to take my part:
To pity, or relieve my Pain,
But look'd alas for both in vain.

With

With Hunger pin'd for Food I call;
Inſtead of Food they give me Gall;
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.

Their Table therefore to their Health,
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth:
Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurprize.

Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the way.
From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names enroul.

But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore.
Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Than Herds, or Flocks in Sacrifice:
Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.

For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Priſoners free from cloſe Reſtraint:
Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his Praiſe.

For God will *Sion*'s Walls erect,
And *Judah*'s Cities ſtill protect;
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.

This Bleſſing they ſhall at their Death,
To their Religious Heirs bequeath;

And they to endleſs Ages more,
Of ſuch as his bleſt Name adore.

Great ever-living God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And every Age thy Glory ſing.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

TO thee my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night addreſs my Cry:
Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear.

For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade;
Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.

Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.
Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Deſpair.

Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain:
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak alas to bear the leaſt.

My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe;
They waſt, but ſtill my Griefs encreaſe.
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd Arms invok'd thine Aid.

Wilt thou by Miracle, revive
The Dead, whom thou forſookſt alive?

From

From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon wouldſt not bring?

Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs,
A mouldring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
Thy Truth and Power Renown obtain,
Where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?

To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious look?

Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown:
Thy Terrours paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.

Thy Wrath which burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrours fill my Soul with dread.
Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a general Deluge joyn'd.

My Lovers Friends, Familiars all,
Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

For EASTER-EVE.

Meditations on DEATH.

PSAL. XXXIX.

LORD teach me, when my latter end,
And number of my Days I view,
To meaſure right my ſelf, and then,
How frail I am, and they are few.

My Days extent is but a Span;
Mine Age is nothing unto thee;
Man in his flouriſhing Eſtate,
Is altogether Vanity,

A Shadow's all that he purſues,
But his Vexations real are:
He heaps up Wealth, but knows not who
Shall reap the Profit of his Care.

Let others fooliſhly expect,
How kind the flattering World will prove;
I'll ſeek my God alone to pleaſe,
And be ambitious of his Love.

How weak, and Nothing we appear,
When God for Sin does Man chaſtiſe!
Like Garments fretted by the Moth,
So all his Beauty ruin'd lies.

My poor Petitions, Lord, regard,
And to my mournful Voice give Ear;

A wandring Pilgrim here on Earth
I am, as all my Fathers were.
Lord, my decaying Strength repair,
And ſpare me yet a while, that I
May make my Peace with thee, before
I go away from hence and die.
All Glory to the Sacred Three,
With Honour, Power, Thanks, and Praiſe;
As was at firſt, now may it be,
And ſtill beyond the end of Days.

Another.

PSAL. XLIX.

ALL People round the World, your Ears
with heedful liſt'ning bow;
My Words concern alike the Rich,
and Poor, the High, and Low.
Wherefore ſhould he, that truſts in God,
affright himſelf with Fear;
To ſee old Age approach, or when
unwelcome Death draws near?
Men boaſt their Stores, and yet none can
from Death his Brother ſave:
Life's purchaſe is too great to buy
our Freedom from the Grave.
The Aſhes of the Wiſe with Fools
together mingled lie.
The Rich, tho' Loth, muſt leave the World,
with all their Wealth, and die.

Some

Some think on Houſes that they build,
their Fame ſhall ever ſtand;
And that their Names may not be loſt,
they give them to their Land.
Death levels all their Pomp with Beaſts,
makes all their Titles fade;
Yet their Poſterity approves
all the Miſtakes they made.

Driven to the Grave, like Sheep, their (Strength
and Beauty fades away;
And there ſhall lie encloſed till
the Reſurrection Day.
Then ſhall the juſt Men reign, and o'er
the bad, Dominion have;
Then I ſhall be receiv'd to Bliſs,
when raiſed from the Grave.

Envy not him that's Glorious here,
or Rich, for when he dies,
Naked he goes away, and ſtrip'd
of all his Glory lies.
Tho' whilſt he liv'd, he bleſt himſelf,
and Men are apt to praiſe
That prudent management which Wealth,
and Families does raiſe.

'Tis folly all, for he muſt go
where others went before;
And never where he now muſt dwell,
ſee Light or Comfort more.
Man that is honour'd here, and with
true Wiſdom is not bleſt,
Tho' pleas'd with flattering Hopes, ſhall die,
and periſh like a Beaſt.

Glory

Glory to thee Immortal God,
One great Co-equal Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. XC.

LORD, every Age and Race has ſeen,
Thou haſt our Help and Refuge been.
E're that the Mountains had a Birth,
Or ever thou hadſt form'd the Earth.

Thou hadſt a Being long before,
And ſhalt abide when Time's no more.
Thy firſt Decree 'gainſt Man was juſt,
Bidding him turn again to Duſt.

A thouſand Years, if we could ſtay
In Life ſo long, is but a Day
Compar'd with thee, and in thy Sight,
Like the ſhort Watches of the Night.

Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away, our Life's a Dream.
Like Flowers, at Morning freſh and fair,
Cut down by Night, and wither'd are.

Thine Anger, and our Wickedneſs,
Makes the ſhort term of Nature leſs.
And thus our Years t' an end are brought,
As ſwiftly as a Breath, or Thought.

Our Age to Sev'nty Years is ſet;
If to another Stage we get,

And

And unto fourſcore Years arrive,
We rather ſigh, and groan, than live.

PART II.

Lord, who enough conſider'd hath,
The Pow'r and Terrour of thy Wrath?
Wrath that is equal to our dread,
And ſtrikes ſo often Sinners dead.

Oh, that the ſenſe of our laſt end,
And Sorrows that this Life attend,
May more excite our Fear of thee,
And a wiſe care of Piety.

When, Lord, ſhall thy Diſpleaſure ceaſe,
When wilt thou give our Troubles eaſe?
Now we are humble, and repent,
Shew Pity to us, and relent.

Oh let that Mercy come at laſt,
We long impatiently to taſt:
And in proportion to our Tears,
Let Gladneſs crown our future Years.

Since acts of Grace thy Glory are,
And pleaſe thee moſt, do thou appear
In thoſe to us, and to our Race,
Shew us the Beauty of thy Face.

Afford thy Light to guide our Way,
That we may never go aſtray:
All our good Undertakings bleſs,
And proſper with deſir'd Succeſs.

Great ever-living God, to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three;
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And ev'ry Age thy Glory ſing.

For Eaſter-Day-*Morning.*

PSAL. II.

WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
The Great in Counſel, and in Might,
their various Forces bring:
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his Anointed King.

Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?
preſumptuouſly they ſay:
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
and caſt their Chains away.
But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defie,
and mocks their vain Deſign.

Thick Clouds of Wrath Divine ſhall break
on his Rebellious Foes;
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak,
to all that dare oppoſe.
Tho' madly you diſpute my Will,
the King that I ordain,
Whoſe Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
ſhall there ſecurely reign.

Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree,

Thou

Thou art my Son this day; my Heir,
I have begotten thee:
Ask, and receive thy full Demands,
thine ſhall the Heathen be;
The utmoſt limits of the Lands
ſhall be poſſeſt by thee.

Thy threatning Scepter thou ſhalt ſhake,
and cruſh them ev'ry where;
As maſſy Bars of Iron break
the Potter's brittle Ware.
Learn then ye Princes, and give Ear
ye Judges of the Earth;
Worſhip the Lord with Holy Fear,
rejoyce with awful Mirth.

Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpects,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge your bold Neglects,
incens'd by your delay.
If but in part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they, whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt Holy Name.

Bleſt King of Saints, to thee we bring
the Homage of our Praiſe;
The Father and the Holy Ghoſt,
with thee, we laud always.

Another.

PSAL. LVII.

LORD, ſince I truſt in thee alone;
Mercy to me extend;

I fly for Shelter to thy Wings,
till all my Troubles end.
To him whoſe Pow'r is over all,
in my Diſtreſs I'll cry;
Since thou haſt ſav'd me heretofore,
thy Help will ſtill be nigh.

When with the Fowlers treach'rous Arts,
my Ruin was prepar'd,
Their Pits occaſion'd their own fall,
their Nets themſelves enſnar'd.
My Heart, O God, is now prepar'd,
and this my Tongue ſhall raiſe;
Which with my Heart ſhall early ſing
a Conſort to thy Praiſe.

The Great Salvation thou haſt wrought,
I'll to the World proclaim;
The ſcatter'd Nations ſhall aſſiſt
my Songs, to ſpread thy Fame.
Thy Mercy reaches to the Heavens,
thy Truth unto the Skies;
Then let thy Glory, Lord, above
both Earth and Heaven riſe.

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
to the Myſterious Three
Be now aſcrib'd, as heretofore,
and to Eternity.

Another.

PSAL. III.

MY Soul's beſt Powers I will engage,
and with Affection join,

In

In thoſe Aſſemblies where the Saints,
to praiſe the Lord, combine.
They that contemplate thy great Works,
will ſoon with Pleaſure ſee
Thy Pow'r, how glorious it is,
how great thy Purity!

The wonders of thy Providence,
they'll often call to mind;
With grateful Hearts proclaim, that God
is Gracious and Kind.
How in the Wilderneſs he gave
Food with a liberal Hand;
And made his People to poſſeſs
the Heathen's promis'd Land.

Faithful and Juſt are all his Works,
his Word is no leſs ſure;
When once his Promiſe is engag'd,
Performance is ſecure.
Iſrael from Slavery redeem'd,
his Holineſs does know;
Their Foes the Terrour of thy Name
felt in their Overthrow.

To fear the Lord, true Wiſdom is;
and he that ſtrives to pleaſe
His Maker, underſtands him beſt;
whoſe Praiſe ſhall never ceaſe.
Praiſes and Glory we'll aſcribe
to thee, Great God, alone;
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
now, and till Time be done.

For EASTER-DAY *Evening.*

PSAL. CXIII.

YE Servants of th' Eternal King,
To God your chearful Praiſes ſing;
Whoſe Name be bleſt for evermore.
His Goodneſs over all is Great,
Where-e'er the Sun does Riſe, or Set,
Since all are bleſt, let all adore.
O'er all the Earth the Lord does reign,
And Heaven's too narrow to contain
His Glories, which are Infinite.
Let not poor borrow'd Greatneſs dare,
With his Perfections to compare,
Who dwells in uncreated Light.
He condeſcends ſo far to know,
Th' Affairs of Mortals here below,
As well as thoſe in Heav'n above.
To ſhew how he o'er all things ſways,
He from the Duſt the Poor does raiſe,
And from his vile Eſtate remove.
From thence advances him on high,
To unexpected Dignity,
And ſets him in a Royal Throne.
When Age and Nature both deſpair,
He makes the Barren Womb to bear;
O therefore Praiſe this Lord alone.

All

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
The Glorious King of Heav'n above.
To the Great Father, God of Might,
And to the Son, our ſaving Light,
And to the Holy Spirit of Love.
Let the bright Angel's Sacred Quire,
With their united Songs conſpire,
His matchleſs Glories forth to ſhow:
Let all the World through ev'ry Age,
In this moſt joyful Praiſe engage,
and make a Heav'n too here below.

Another.

PSAL. CXIV.

WHen *Iſrael* was by God's Addreſs,
and his Almighty Hand,
From Bondage led, and wondrouſly
brought to the Promis'd Land:
In *Judah* God his Glory ſhow'd,
and did his Pow'r declare:
Iſrael his glad Inheritance,
Temple and Empire were.

The Sea it ſaw, and ſuddenly
amaz'd, roſe up and fled:
The parted Streams of *Jordan*'s Flood
ran trembling to their Head.
Aſide the Mountains skipt like Rams,
and to the Hills did ſhow,
The Hills that ſhook like frighted Lambs,
the Way which they ſhould go.

What ail'd the Sea, that all amaz'd,
so ſuddenly it fled?
And what made *Jordan*'s parted Streams
run trembling to their Head?
Why did the Mountains skip like Rams?
and to the Hills firſt ſhow,
The Hills that ſhook like frighted Lambs,
the Way which they ſhould go?

Confeſs, O Earth, thy Sovereign Lord,
and at his Preſence quake;
Before the Face of *Jacob*'s God
Bow, and Obeyſance make.
'Tis he who caus'd thoſe Rocks to hear,
and when thy Springs are dry,
Can from their flinty Bowels fetch
Streams which ſhall never die.

Glory to thee Immortal God,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One;
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
till Time it ſelf be done.

Another.

PSAL. CXVIII.

PART I.

O Praiſe the Lord, whom Ages paſt,
have known to be ſo kind;
Whoſe Mercies will continue ſure,
to Ages ſtill behind.
Let all his People and his Prieſts,
that in his Houſe attend,

With

With all that fear the Lord proclaim,
his Mercies have no end.

Bear thou thy Part with them my Soul,
God's Goodneſs to expreſs;
Who heard my Pray'r, and ſet me free,
when I was in Diſtreſs.
I need not fear what Man can do,
when God is my Defence;
Rather in him than greateſt Kings,
I'll put my Confidence.

The joyful Voice of Triumph fills
the Dwellings of the Juſt;
His Pow'r does mighty things for them,
that in his Goodneſs truſt.
I hope to live and praiſe his Works,
ev'n to my lateſt Breath;
Who tho' he has chaſtis'd me ſore,
has ſav'd me ſtill from Death.

PART II.

I'll praiſe thee who haſt heard my Pray'r;
and tho' thou waſt before
My Gracious God, art now become
my Powerful Saviour.
The Stone which by the Builders deem'd
unfit, aſide was thrown,
Is choſen, and preferr'd to be
the Head, and Corner-ſtone.

This is the Work of God alone,
by us with wonder ſeen;
This is the Day the Lord hath made,
and we'll rejoyce therein.

We'll join our Acclamations,
and loud *Hoſannas* ſing;
Wiſhing Proſperity to wait
on him that is our King.

Bleſt Saviour, who from God to us,
on this kind Errand came,
We welcome Thee, and bleſs all thoſe
that ſpread thy Glorious Fame.
Thou Lord haſt mercifully ſhin'd
on us with Light and Grace;
And at thine Altar we'll preſent
our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

Thou art my God; my joyful Tongue
ſhall ever ſing thy Praiſe:
Thou art my God, and I on high
thy Glorious Name will raiſe.
Let all with Thankfulneſs proclaim,
that God is good and kind;
Whoſe Mercies which have ever been,
good Men ſhall ever find.

All Glory to the Father be,
and to the Gracious Son,
And Holy Ghoſt, as long
as Time his Courſe ſhall run.

For Aſcenſion-Day *Morning.*

PSAL. VIII.

O Lord, our Governour, on Earth,
thy Name is excellent;
Thy Glory is exalted far
above the Firmament.
From the weak Pow'rs of Babes thou mak'ſt
thy Victories ariſe;
They ſtill the Triumphs of thy Foes,
and ſhame thine Enemies.

When I to Heav'n, thy Glorious Work,
raiſe my admiring Eye,
And there behold the Moon and Stars,
that Beautifie the Skie:
Lord, what is Man, that he ſhould have
in thy kind Thoughts a place!
Why doſt thou thus advance and bleſs
his miſerable Race!

Tho' lower than the Angels made,
he wears a Glorious Crown:
Thy Works below all ſtoop to him,
and for their Sovereign own.
The Beaſts that in the Paſtures feed,
or in the Deſarts lie;
Fiſhes that move within the Sea,
and Fowls beneath the Skie.

Theſe are his Slaves, but let not Man
diſown God's Government;

Whoſe Pow'r does rule the World, whoſe
alone is excellent. (Name
Glory to thee Great God alone,
One Coeternal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. XV.

LORD, let me know the happy Man,
whom thou ſo well doſt love,
That he may praiſe thee here below,
and dwell with thee above.
'Tis he whoſe Life is free from blame,
whoſe Works are right and juſt:
Whoſe Heart and Words are true, on whom
one may ſecurely truſt.
His Neighbour's Credit does not wound
by a detracting Tongue;
Nor in his Infamy delights,
much leſs would do him wrong.
Vile Men, and their lewd Practices,
his vertuous Soul doth loath;
But ſhews to ſuch as fear the Lord,
Kindneſs and Honour both.
Who does not break his Oath when he,
to his own Damage ſwears;
But his ſtrict Vertue far before
his Intereſt prefers.
Who hates Exaction, and rejects
Bribes, to betray the Juſt.

This

This Man ſhall ne'er be mov'd, but may
in God ſecurely truſt.
To thee Great God, of Heav'n and Earth,
each Knee for ever bow;
May all thy Bleſſed ſing above,
and we adore below.

Another.

PSAL. XXI.

PART I.

THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoyce;
With thy Salvation crown'd ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only didſt impart,
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt,
the Wiſhes of his Heart.

Thy Goodneſs, and thy tender Care,
have all his Hopes outgone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſet'ſt it firmly on.
He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
didſt to his Pray'r attend;
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

Thy ſure Defence through Nations round,
has ſpread his Glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.

Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys encreaſe,
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

Becauſe the King on God alone.
for timely aid relies,
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
But Righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy Juſt, but dreadful Doom,
Shall like a glowing Oven rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruine end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
But thou with watchful Care didſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.
While they their ſwift Retreat ſhall make,
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might,
Thy ſwifter Arrows ſhall o'ertake,
and gaul them in their Flight.

Thus Lord, thy wondrous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Fame;

Whilſt

Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe,
to thy Almighty Name.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Co-etenal Three,
Let ev'ry Age of Time give Praiſe,
and all Eternity.

For ASCENSION-DAY *Evening*

PSALM XXIV.

THE ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's,
with all that it contains;
His gracious Care to all the World,
extends o'er which he Reigns.
He did upon the floating Seas,
the Earth's great Fabrick lay;
And on unſtable Floods he made
her fix'd Foundations ſtay.

Into that Hill where God reſides,
who ſhall admitted be?
Lord, who within thy Holy Place,
may ſtand and worſhip Thee?
He whoſe unſpotted Hands no Crimes,
whoſe Heart no Stains defile; (ſwears,
Whoſe Tongue blaſphemes not God, nor
his Neighbour to beguile.

Such Men unto thine Altar may,
their free Approaches make;
God hears their Pray'rs, and they are ſure
his Bleſſings to partake.

Ye

Ye Gates, and everlaſting Doors,
be open, and make room;
Lift up your Heads, and you ſhall ſee
the King of Glory come.

If you demand what Lord is this,
and who this Glorious King?
It is the Mighty Lord of Hoſts,
who does Salvation bring.
Glory to thee, O Heavenly King,
let ev'ry Tongue and Tribe
On Earth, and all the Pow'rs above,
for evermore aſcribe.

Another.

PSAL. XLVII.

O All ye People clap your Hands,
and make a chearful Noiſe;
With Acclamations to your God,
declare your inward Joys.
His high Perfections do proclaim
him greatly to be fear'd;
This King of all the World commands,
your Honour and Regard.

In a triumphant State our Lord
is gone above the Skies;
Trumpets proclaim our Joys, and all
applaud his Victories.
Sing chearful Praiſes to our God,
ſing Praiſes to our King;
He's Lord of all the Earth, his Praiſe
with Underſtanding ſing.

God

God o'er the Heathen People reigns,
and in that Throne is plac'd,
Where he in Glory ſits, and thence
ſhall Judge the World at laſt.
Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
to the Myſterious Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CVIII.

O God, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnifie thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
Awake my Lute, nor thou my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.
To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe,
that round about us dwell.
Becauſe thy Mercies boundleſs height
the higheſt Heavens tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.
Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the ſtarry Frame;

And let the World with one conſent
confeſs thy Glorious Name.
That all thy choſen People thee
their Saviour may declare:
Let thy Right Hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my Prayer.

Lord, to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend;
For vain it is on Human Aid,
for Safety to depend.
Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One everliving Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

For WHITSONDAY *Morning.*

PSAL. XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God is great.
and greatly to be prais'd
In *Sion*, on whoſe happy Mount
his Sacred Throne is rais'd.
God in her Palaces is known,
his Preſence is her Guard:
Confederate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Succeſs deſpair'd.

In *Sion* we have ſeen perform'd,
a Work which was foretold,
In pledge, that God, for times to come,
his City will uphold.
Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls,
did we, O God, confide;
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which thou doſt reſide.

According to thy Sovereign Name,
thy Praiſe through Earth extends;
Thy Powerful Arm, as Juſtice guides,
Chaſtiſes, or Defends.
Let *Sion*'s Mount with Joy reſound,
her Daughters all be taught
In Songs, his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliverance wrought.

This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilſt we in him confide;

Who,

Who, as he has preſerv'd us yet,
till Death will be our Guide.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided Three;
One equal Glory, one ſame Praiſe,
now and for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. LXVIII.

PART I.

LET the Great God ariſe, and then
His ſcatter'd Foes will flee for fear;
Vaniſh like Smoak, and melt like Wax
Before the Fire, when He draws near.

But let the Juſt rejoyce, and praiſe
His Name, to whom all Power belongs.
He rides on high above the Clouds,
Let him be rais'd too in your Songs.

He pities Orphans, Widows Wrongs
He rights, brings chained Priſoners out;
He for the Deſolate provides,
But plagues the Rebel's Land with Drought.

Lord, when thou broughtſt thy People forth
From *Egypt*, with a mighty Hand,
And ledſt them through the Wilderneſs,
To bring them to the promis'd Land.

The Heav'ns before thy Lightnings drop'd,
The Earth did with thy Thunders quake:
Mount *Sinai*, when the Lord came down,
Did to its firm Foundation ſhake.

Thou-

Thouſands of Angels, Heaven's great Hoſt,
Like Guards, took up their Stations there;
God's ſpecial Preſence was declar'd,
When theſe Attendants did appear.

PART II.

Our God, like a great Conquerour,
Aſcended is above the Skies;
And after him in Triumph draws,
As Spoils, his Captiv'd Enemies.

He ſcattered his various Gifts
Around, to make his Power known:
Even Rebels had a ſhare; 'mongſt whom
He dwells, and they his Kindneſs own.

God heaps his daily Benefits
On us, and he ſhall have our Songs;
He is our Saviour, to whom
The Power of Life and Death belongs.

In his juſt Vengeance he ſhall wound
The Heads of all that him reſiſt;
On whom no Methods of his Love
Prevail, but ſtill in Sin perſiſt.

Praiſe him ye Kingdoms of the Earth,
Who governs all the Heav'nly Sphears,
From thence he Thunders with his Voice,
Which every Creature dreads that hears.

Give him the Glory of his Power,
Illuſtriouſly to *Iſrael* ſhown:
Its Wonders in the Heav'ns appear,
And thence by all the World is known.

They that behold his Majeſty,
In Holy Places are amaz'd:

'Tis

'Tis God that giveth Strength, and Power
Unto his Saints: His Name be prais'd.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided Trinity,
All Honour, Glory, Pow'r, and Praiſe,
As was, is now, and ever be.

WHITSONDAY-EVENING.

PSAL. CIV. See *Monday*.

PSAL. CXLV.

PART I.

THY Sacred Name I will advance,
my King and God of Love;
I'll bleſs thee now, 'twill be my Work,
Eternally above.

Our Praiſes ſhall be high like thee,
whoſe Greatneſs all exceeds:
One Age t' another ſhall declare,
and praiſe thy mighty Deeds.

I'll ſhow the Glories of thy State,
thy wondrous Works proclaim;
All Men that hear my Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall join to do the ſame.

And as thy Mercy ever ſprings,
ſo ſhall their Comforts flow;
Their Tongues thy Faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
and thy great Goodneſs ſhow.

Thou,

Thou, Lord, art ſlow to Wrath, but full
of Love, and glad to ſpare;
To all thy Creatures kind, o'er all
thy tender Mercies are.
Some Thankful Tribute, Lord, from all
thy Works thou doſt receive:
But where they fail, thy Truth among
thy Saints ſhall ever live.

Thy Kingdom's Glory to declare,
theſe Subjects never ceaſe:
That Men thy wondrous Grace may know,
and all thy Pow'r confeſs.

PART II.

Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
tho' undermin'd in vain:
Goodneſs is ſtay'd by thee when weak;
when fallen rais'd again.
All Creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of daily Food;
Thy open-handed Bounty fills
all their Deſires with Good.

God's Goodneſs and Fidelity,
in all his Ways appear;
He gives kind Anſwers unto ſuch
as pray, and are ſincere.
There's none that fear him need complain,
they've ſought in vain his Aid:
He hears their Cries when in Diſtreſs,
and ſaves them when afraid.

God's Care and Preſervation
rewards the good Man's Love;

But the bold Crimes of wicked Men,
at length their ruin prove.
Mean while my Tongue ſhall be employ'd,
thy Praiſes to proclaim:
Let all the World adore thy Pow'r,
and ever bleſs thy Name.

Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord,
who giv'ſt to all their Breath:
Glory to thee, Eternal Word,
who ſav'ſt us by thy Death.
Glory, O bleſſed Spirit, to thee,
who fill'ſt our Souls with Love:
Glory to all the Myſtick Three,
who reign One God above.

For

For the Feaſt of St. MICHAEL, *and all Angels.*

Part of the 34*th* Pſalm.

GOD, who my kind Preſerver is,
I will at all times bleſs;
My Tongue ſhall daily be employ'd,
his Goodneſs to confeſs.
In God my Soul ſhall boaſt, good Men
ſhall hear it, and rejoyce;
And to exalt his Glorious Name,
join both in Heart and Voice.

Bleſt Angels which on God attend,
yet wait t' encompaſs ſuch
As fear him, to preſerve them ſafe,
when Dangers near approach.
What Man would have his Years prolong'd,
and happy Days would ſee,
Refrain thy Tongue, and Lips from all
Deceit, and Injury.

From all unrighteous Ways depart,
from doing Good ne'er ceaſe;
Seek all Men's Quiet, and purſue
the things that make for Peace.
God loves the Righteous, and on them
he caſts a gracious Eye:
His Ear's attentive to their Suits,
and open to their Cry.

Nor do they cry in vain, wiſh'd Help
and Eaſe their Troubles have:
God will draw near to broken Hearts,
and contrite Spirits ſave.
Tho' good Men oft afflicted are,
at length he ſets them free:
His Care does to their Bodies reach,
no Bone ſhall broken be.

This they may ſurely hope from him,
whoſe Throne's in Heav'n above;
Whoſe Sovereign Empire does extend
o'er all that live and move.
Bad Men ſhall periſh when they're plagu'd,
with all that hate the Juſt;
Whom God will keep, and never fail
their Hopes, that on him truſt.

Bleſs God ye Angels, which in Strength,
and Services tranſcend:
Bleſs him ye Hoſts and Miniſters,
who all his Will attend.
All ye his Works in ev'ry place.
ſubject to his Controul,
Bleſs ye your Maker; and with them
join in his Praiſe my Soul.

To thee, Great God of Heav'n and Earth,
let all due Praiſe allow;
May all thy Angels ſing above,
and we adore below.

Another.

Another.

PSAL. XCI.

PART I.

HE that has God for his Retreat,
Has gain'd a ſafe and quiet Seat;
For God's o'erſpreading Providence,
Will like a Shade, be his Defence.

To him, as to my Fort, I'll fly,
On him, my Powerful God, rely.
When noiſom Plagues infeſt the Air,
He'll ſave thee from the ſecret Snare.

His Care like Wings ſhall Safety yield;
His faithful Promiſe be thy Shield;
So that no danger of the Night,
Shall ſeize thee with a ſudden fright.

Plagues, that like poyſon'd Arrows kill,
And all around with Slaughter fill,
Walking unſeen both Night and Day,
Shall miſs their Aim, or balk their Way.

Thouſands ſhall fall on ev'ry Hand,
And thou the while unhurt ſhalt ſtand;
And only with thine Eye ſhalt ſee,
What ſhall the Wicked's Portion be.

PART II.

Since thou haſt made the Lord moſt high,
Thy Refuge and Security,
No Evil ſhall thy Joys moleſt,
Nor Plague thy Dwelling ſhall infeſt.

Bleſt

Bleſt Angels charg'd to Guard thy Way,
To thee ſhall kind Attendance pay:
Theſe in their Hands ſhall thee ſupport,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſtumble to thy Hurt.

The Lion thou mayſt ſafely meet,
Tread Aſps and Dragons under Feet;
Since he has ſet his Love on me,
From Danger I will ſet him free.

Becauſe he knows, and fears my Name,
I'll honour him, and raiſe his Fame.
When he invokes me in his Need,
I'll hear and anſwer him with ſpeed.

When he's in Trouble, I'll ſtand by,
To ſave, and ſet him up on high:
Give him long Life, and when that's done,
Will ſhew him my Salvation.

Great everliving God, to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And Heav'n and Earth thy Glory ſing.

For

For the Feſtivals of the SAINTS.

Pſalms Celebrating the Happineſs of Living Religiouſly.

PSAL. I.

BLeſt is the Man, whoſe vertuous Steps
No wicked Counſels lead aſide;
Nor ſtands in Sinners ways, nor ſits
Where God and Goodneſs Men deride.

But on the Laws divine his Love
Is plac'd; his Soul's entire delight;
On theſe his Mind is fix'd by Day,
On theſe his wakeful Thoughts by Night.

He like a Tree from living Streams,
Derives his Sap and kindly Juice;
His Leaves are ever freſh and green,
His Branches timely Fruits produce.

No croſs Events ſhall blaſt his Hopes,
Nor ſpoil the Pleaſures of his Mind.
Whilſt the Ungodly are, like Chaff,
Diſperſt by every ſtormy Wind.

Tho' Sinners here may paſs for Saints,
And vile Hypocriſie for Grace;
Their Guilt, when judg'd, will have no Plea,
Nor they among the Juſt a place.

God will reward the juſt Men's Works,
As he approves the Ways they tread;

But the ſmooth Paths of Sinners down
To Death, and to Damnation lead.

Glory to thee, Immortal God,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
As at the firſt Beginning was,
May now, henceforth, and ever be.

Another.

PSALM. XLI.

BLeſt is the Man whoſe tender Senſe
Is touched with another's Grief:
Who when he hears the poor Man cry,
Affords him Pity and Relief.

God will his Charity repay;
In time of Need will be his Friend;
When Troubles to his Lot ſhall fall,
He'll make them have a happy end.

Threatned by Danger, or Diſeaſe,
His Life he'll reſcue from the Grave;
Proſper his State on Earth, and from
His Foes, and all their Malice ſave.

He'll ſtrengthen him upon his Bed,
Of languiſhing Infirmity:
Secure of God's Compaſſions,
His weary Limbs will ſofter lie.

Bleſt be that Majeſty above,
Whom all true Worſhippers adore,
Let every Age conſent and ſay
Amen, till Time ſhall be no more.

To

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Honour and Homage ſtill be done,
As at the firſt beginning was,
So long as Time his Courſe ſhall run.

Another.

PSAL. CVI.

O Render Thanks unto the Lord,
for he alone is Good;
His Mercies they continue ſure,
as they have ever ſtood.
But equal to thy Glories height
none can their Voices raiſe;
Nor as God's mighty Acts deſerve,
can ſhew forth all his Praiſe.

O happy they who thy juſt Laws
obſerve with due regard;
And by well-doing, to receive
God's Goodneſs are prepar'd.
To thee I humbly look; on me
with Favour, Lord, look down;
And bleſs me with the ſaving Grace,
afforded to thine own.

That I the preſent Happineſs
of thine Elect may ſhare;
And may hereafter ſing thy Praiſe
in Joys that endleſs are.
Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
to the Myſterious Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXII.

BLeſt is the Man that fears the Lord,
Whoſe Pleaſure 'tis to do his Will;
His Seed ſhall be renown'd on Earth,
His happy Race ſhall flouriſh ſtill.

His Houſe with Plenty ſhall be fill'd,
And as his Wealth and Stores encreaſe,
His Bounty is enlarg'd, no fear
Of future Want does make it leſs.

When Troubles fall unto his ſhare,
They'll in his greater Comfort end;
What kindneſs God to him beſtows,
The ſame to others he'll extend.

He lends Aſſiſtance to the Poor:
Diſcreetly orders all his Way;
Nothing ſhall move the Righteous Man,
Or make his Memory decay.

No News of threatning Dangers can
His Confidence in God diſplace;
He with undaunted Courage looks
His Foes ſecurely in the Face.

God his diffuſive Charity,
With ſuitable Rewards will crown;
Not only thoſe above beſtow,
But Honour here, and great Renown.

Mean while the Wicked ſhall repine,
With Indignation at his Bliſs;

And

And melt away with Grief to ſee
This Man obtain what they ſhall miſs.

Glory to Thee Eternal Lord,
The ever bleſſed Three in One,
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
And ſtill when Time it ſelf is done.

Another.

PSAL. CXXXIII.

O Bleſt Societies on Earth,
Reſembling thoſe in Heav'n above;
Where Brethren peacefully unite
In ſweet accord, and hearty Love.

It's like the precious Oyntment pour'd
On Aaron's conſecrated Head;
Which firſt ran down his Face, and thence
Unto his coſtly Veſture ſpread.

Like Dews that viſit every Hill;
Or as the fruitful Showers of Rain,
Tho' firſt on higher Grounds they fall,
Deſcend, and water ev'ry Plain.

Innumerable Comforts meet,
Where Love and Amity abound:
Their Souls are fill'd with inward Peace,
Their proſperous State with Bleſſings (crown'd.

To thee Great God of Heav'n and Earth,
Each Knee for ever humbly bow:
May all the Bleſſed ſing above
Thy Praiſe, and we adore below.

For the Commemoration of King Charles *the Martyr, on the* 30*th of* January.

MORNING.

PSAL. IX.

PART I.

TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare:
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works
moſt wonderful declare.
The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt high,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their backs in ſhameful flight;
Struck with thy Preſence down they fell,
they periſh'd at thy ſight.
Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain:
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.
The Inſolence of Heathen Pride,
thou haſt reduc'd to ſhame;
Their wicked Off-ſpring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.

Miſtaken

Miſtaken Foes your haughty Threats
are to a Period come;
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.

The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd:
Impartial Juſtice to diſpence,
to Puniſh or Reward.
God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our behalf engage.

All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd,
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from *Sion* his abode:
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confeſs no other God.

Part II.

When he enquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to mind;
The injur'd humble Man's complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.
Take pity on my Troubles Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create;
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.

In *Sion* then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;

And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy,
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
Deep in the Pit, they dig'd for me,
the Heathen Pride is laid:
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
are heedleſsly betray'd.

Thus by the juſt returns he makes
the mighty Lord is known:
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
No ſingle Sinner can eſcape,
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt Revenge,
by Numbers be ſecur'd.

His ſuffering Saints when moſt diſtreſs'd,
he ne'r forgets to aid;
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
tho' for a time delay'd.
Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathen's Doom.

Strike Terrour through the Nations round,
till by conſenting Fear,
They to each other, and themſelves
but mortal Men appear.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all the Nations round
The World, thro' ev'ry Age conſpire
due Praiſes to reſound.

Another

Another.

PSAL. X.

PART I.

THY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou (Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face?
When diſmal times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace.
The Wicked ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey:
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.

For ſtrait they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend:
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſely they commend.
To own a Pow'r above themſelves,
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no thought of God remains.

Oppreſſive methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd,
are far above their ſight.
They fondly think their proſperous State
ſhall unmoleſted be:
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.

Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,
and modeſt Looks they wear;

That ſo deceiv'd the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.
For God they think no notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuffering Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.

Part II.

O Lord, our God, at length ariſe,
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And by the greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from harm.
No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boaſting ſay,
Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
he never will repay.

But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds
Impartially doſt try:
The Orphan therefore, and the Poor,
on Thee for Aid relie.
Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft;
Confound, O Lord, their dark Deſigns,
till no remains are left.

Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou who the Heathen didſt expel
from out thy choſen Land.
Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.

Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may Perſecute no more.
Great God of Heav'n, for ever may
thy Throne eſtabliſht be;
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues
ſing Hymns of Praiſe to thee.

Another.

PSAL. XI.

SInce I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I like a timerous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart;
Lurking in Ambuſh, to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.
When once the firm aſſurance fails,
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above,
Whence he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.
If God the Righteous, whom he loves,
for trial does correct,
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?

Snares,

Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone on their Heads,
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r:
This dreadful mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.
The Righteous God will Righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the brightneſs of his Face.
Glory, and Honour, Power, and Praiſe
to this moſt Righteous King,
Through every Age of Time to come,
let Earth and Heaven ſing.

King Charles *the Martyr.*

EVENING.

PSAL. LXXIX.

BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hoſts,
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy Sacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy Holy City raz'd.
The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
abroad unburied lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.
The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations round.

How

How long wilt thou be angry Lord?
must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring Jealous rage
like Fire for ever burn?

On foreign Lands that know not thee,
thy heavy Vengeance ſhower:
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh,
that have not own'd thy Power.
O think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almoſt with Sorrow ſpent.

Thou God of our Salvation help,
and free our Souls from blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy Glorious Name.

On them who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſev'n times more
than what on us they laid.

So we thy People and thy Flock
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name:
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.
Glory to Thee Immortal God,
One great Co-equal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. XCIV.

PART I.

THOu Great Avenger of all Wrongs,
at length thy Juſtice ſhew:
Ariſe and render to the Proud
Rewards that are their due.
How long ſhall wicked Men triumph,
and boaſt their Villanies?
Speak ſcornfully of God himſelf,
and Providence deſpiſe?
Who whilſt the Ruin of the Poor,
and Innocent they plot,
Say, that the Lord does not diſcern,
or elſe regards it not.
When will theſe bruitiſh Sinners learn?
theſe ſenſeleſs Fools be wiſe?
Shall not he hear that made the Ear?
and ſee, that made the Eyes?
He the rude Nations does inſtruct,
and teaches Man his Skill;
Shall not he know then, and chaſtiſe
thy diſobedient Will?
O flatter not thy ſelf, nor theſe
Impieties maintain.
God knows theſe very Thoughts of thine,
how falſe they are and vain.

PART

PART II.

Lord, he's a happy Man whom thou
by Chaſtiſement haſt taught;
And thereby to a ſenſe of Thee,
and of his Duty brought.
God will in Mercy at the length
from trouble ſet him free;
Whilſt Vengeance ruins wicked Men's
ſhort-liv'd Proſperity.

The good Men for a while chaſtis'd,
may under Troubles groan,
God will not utterly forſake,
nor caſt away his own.
Neglected Judgment ſhall return
again to act its part;
And then Felicity ſhall crown
the Men of upright Heart.

T' oppoſe my wicked Foes, I call'd
to other Aids in vain;
Without thy Succour in the Grave,
I and my Hopes had lain.
When I deſpair'd to keep my Feet,
thy Mercy me upheld;
Thy Comforts eas'd my troubled Thoughts,
and ſwelling Paſſions quell'd.

For my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God, the Lord moſt high;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
Glory to thee, Great God alone,
Three Perſons in One Deity;

As it has been in Ages paſt,
may now, and ſtill for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. LXXXV.

LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob*'s captiv'd Race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
Thy People's Sin thou haſt forgiv'n,
and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.
O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears
thy Wrath no more may burn.
For why ſhouldſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain?
Receive us Lord, and let thy Saints,
thy wonted Comfort gain.
Thy Gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wondrous Mercy's ſake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait;
for he with glad Succeſs,
If they no more to Folly turn,
his mournful Saints will bleſs.

To all that fear his Holy Name,
his ſure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation ſhall appear.
For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

(Heav'n
Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour:
And God from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhower.
Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare;
Whilſt we his Holy Steps purſue,
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
who reign One God above,
Let all the World, as heretofore,
for ever Praiſe and Love.

For

For the 8th of March; *the Day of Her Majeſty's Happy Succeſſion to the Throne.*

PSAL. XX.

THE Lord to thy Requeſts attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs:
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
To aid thee from on high repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give:
Remember all thy Off'rings, there
thy Sacrifice receive.

To compaſs thine own Hearts deſire,
thy Counſels ſtill direct;
May kindly all Events conſpire,
to bring them to Effect.
To thy Salvation, Lord, for aid,
we chearfully repair;
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd;
the Lord accept thy Pray'r.

Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord,
our Sovereign will defend;
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to Her Pray'r attend.
Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we call to mind,
the Pow'r of God moſt high.

But

But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold then through the Plain
Diſorder'd, broke and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.
Still ſave us Lord, and ſtill proceed,
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear King of Heaven in times of Need,
the Pray'rs which we addreſs.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever-living Lord,
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Another.

PSAL. XXI.

O Lord, how joyful is the Queen,
with thy Salvation bleſt!
Thou haſt her Hearts deſire allow'd,
and granted her Requeſt.
Prevented by thy wondrous Love,
a ſplendid Crown ſhe wears:
Her Life we pray may be prolong'd
t' innumerable Years.

Her Glory Great, by thee preſerv'd,
with Majeſty array'd;
And in thy Favour highly bleſt,
may be for ever glad.
The Queen does on the Lord relie,
whoſe Grace will make her ſtand;

But

But thoſe that are thy Foes ſhall feel
the terrour of thy Hand.
Thy flaming Wrath ſhall them devour,
and all their Seed root out;
Repay the Miſchiefs they deſign'd,
but could not bring about.
Theſe ſhall be made the Mark, at which
thy killing Arrows aim:
Thus Lord exalt thy Pow'r, and we
will ſing, and praiſe thy Name.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
we Thanks and Praiſes ſing;
And ev'ry Age of Time to come,
ſhall this juſt Tribute bring.

Another.

PSAL. CI.

OF Mercy's never failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing:
And ſince they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life my ſelf I'll make,
A Pattern for my Court to take.
No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Favourites make that do;
Who to Reproof bears no regard,
Him totally I will diſcard.

The

The Private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me;
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortifie the Heart of Pride.

But Honeſty call'd from her Cell,
In Splendour at my Court ſhall dwell;
Who Vertues practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.

No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend;
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe,
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.

All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make:
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain,
God's Holy City to profane.

Great ever-living God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And ev'ry Age thy Glory ſing.

For

For the Commemoration of the Reſtiſtution of the King, and Royal Family; and the Reſtauration of the Government, on the 29th of May.

PSAL. CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord our Cauſe eſpous'd,
his People now may ſay,
Had not the Lord engag'd his Pow'r
to ſuccour us that day;
When wicked Men with cruel Wrath
inflam'd, againſt us roſe:
Too feeble all our Pow'rs had been,
their Fury to oppoſe.

To their devouring Jaws, our Life
had been an eaſie Prey:
Their Rage like an impetuous Stream,
had ſwept us quite away.
Bleſt be the Lord that choſe this way,
his Mercy to enhaunce;
Then when our Dangers loudeſt call'd,
to ſend Deliverance.

We lay, like poor entangled Birds,
caught in the Fowler's Net;
God's Power broke the Snare, and we
at Liberty were ſet.
Since all our Help lies in his Name,
that Earth and Heaven made,

Our

Our future Hopes ſhall all depend
on his Almighty Aid.
All Glory to the God of Love,
all Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
As has been ſtill ſhall render'd be,
beyond the end of Days.

Another.

PSAL. CXXVI.

WHen God from Bondage ſet us free,
It ſeem'd a ſtrange and pleaſant (Dream:
Our Mouth was fill'd with Laughter then;
To tell this News was all our Theam.

This great and unexpected Change,
Forced the Heathens to confeſs
The Wonders of that Day; Let us
The ſame with greater Joy expreſs.

Great are thy Mercies ſhown to us;
Lord perfect what thou haſt begun;
'Twill be like Welcome Show'rs to Ground,
That's parched with the ſcorching Sun.

We wait with Patience, Lord, till thou
All needful Bleſſings doſt reſtore,
And hope our former Tears will make
Our after Joys to be the more.

So he that in prepared Ground,
His ſcatter'd Handfuls ſadly leaves,
Will ſhout at Harveſt, when he ſees
That Seed become a load of Sheaves.

Glory

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
To God our great Deliverer be;
Through all the parts of Time henceforth,
And ſtill to all Eternity.

Another.

PSAL. CXXIX.

FRom my Youth up, may *Iſrael* ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd;
Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
They oft have plough'd my ancient Back,
with Furrows deep and long;
But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.
Confuſion and a ſhameful Rout,
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe;
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppoſe.
Like Corn upon our Houſes tops,
untimely let them fade;
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blaſted in the Blade.
Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains,
to fold it into Sheaves.
No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minutes ſtop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heav'ns Bleſſings on the Crop.

To

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
who reign One God above,
May thankful *Iſrael* through all Times,
due Praiſes give, and Love.

Another.

PSAL. CXVIII.

O Praiſe the Lord, for he is Good,
his Mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful *Iſrael* ſay.
Their ſenſe of his Eternal Love,
let *Aaron*'s Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord, confeſs.

To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
Since therefore God does on my ſide,
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?
Since God with thoſe who aid my Cauſe,
vouchſafes my part to take;
To all my Foes I need not doubt,
a juſt Return to make.
For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,

Than on the greateſt Human Power
for Safety to depend.
Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round,
Yet by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
When all united preſs'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my part,
and ſav'd me from them all.

The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape,
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour, and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.
Joy fills the Dwelling of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from harm:
For wondrous things are brought to paſs,
by his Almighty Arm.

God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolong my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death,
my fainting Life repriev'd.

Then open wide the Temple Gates,
to which the Juſt repair,
That I may enter in, and praiſe
my Great Deliverer there,

Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode,
to which the Righteous preſs,
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy Holy Name I'll bleſs.

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
to the Almighty King;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
we'll now and ever ſing.

For the Commemoration of the Happy Deliverance of this Church and and Nation, from the Gunpowder-Treason *on the Fifth of* November.

PSAL. LXIV.

LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Requests give ear;
Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from fear.
O hide me with thy tendereſt Care,
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their Plots defeat.

See how, intent to work my harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords:
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lies, and bitter Words.
Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret aim:
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.

To carry on their ill Deſigns,
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
With utmoſt Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay;

The

The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.

But God to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend;
And on his flying Arrows Point,
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd, and ſhun'd by all.
The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs
and Nations trembling ſtand;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the Mighty Work
of his avenging Hand.
Whilſt righteous Men, whom God ſecures,
in him will gladly truſt;
And all the Liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
let all give Thanks and Praiſe;
As heretofore, on this glad Day,
and to the end of Days.

Another

Pſalm 124. *See the* 29*th of* May.

Another.

PSAL. CXXV.

THey that in God their Confidence
Repoſe, and him their Fortreſs make,

Remain unmov'd like *Sion*'s Mount,
Which Storms and Tempests never Shake.

Jerusalem with Hills begirt,
Derives great Safety from that Fence:
Good Men much more from Angels guard,
And God's surrounding Providence.

The Wicked's Pow'r shall not too long
Oppress the Good, and vex their Peace;
Lest the Temptation prove so strong,
They imitate their Wickedness.

Bless those that are sincerely good,
And when thy Vengeance is come down,
Rebellious Sinners to destroy,
Then Lord, with Peace, the Righteous crown.

In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Righteous always shall rejoyce;
As heretofore, and in glad Hymns
Of thankful Praise, exalt their Voice.

For a Day of Faſting and Prayer in time of War: A Prayer againſt the Nation's Enemies.

PSAL. CXLIV.

FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Skill and Strength afford,
To weild our Arms with warlike Art.

His Goodneſs is our Fort and Tower,
Our ſtrong Deliverance and our Shield.
In him we truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Makes to our Force fierce Nations yield.

Lord, what is Man, that thou ſhouldſt love,
Of him ſuch tender care to take?
What in his Off-ſpring could thee move,
Such great account of him to make?

The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort ſtay no Signs remain.

In ſolemn State, O Lord, deſcend,
While Heav'n its lofty Head inclines:
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.

Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
And make our ſcatter'd Foes retreat;

Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.

Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r our Foes to quell;
And ſnatch us from the ſtormy Rage
Of threatning Waves that proudly ſwell.

Fight thou againſt our foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagement ne'er maintain.

So we to thee, O King of Kings,
In new made Hymns our Voice ſhall raiſe;
And Inſtruments of various Strings,
Shall help us thus to ſing thy Praiſe.

" God does to Kings his Aid afford,
" To them his ſure Salvation ſends;
" 'Tis he that from the Murdering Sword
" His Servant *David* ſtill defends.

Fight thou againſt our foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'r maintain.

Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful place:
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome Royal Court to Grace.

Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed;
Our Sheep encreaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.

Strong

Strong ſhall our labo'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labour faint;
Whilſt we no War nor Slavery know,
And in our Streets hear no complaint.

Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever-living ſovereign Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, and Prais'd, Fear'd, and Ador'd.

For a Day of Thanksgiving for Successes in War. The Nation's Song.

PSAL. XXVIII.

WE will with due acknowledgment,
thy Praises, Lord, resound;
From whom the Cries of our Distress
a gracious Answer found.
Our Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God our Strength and Shield;
In him we trusted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field.

As he has made our Joys compleat,
'tis just that we should raise
The chearful Tribute of our Thanks,
and thus resound his Praise.

His awful Pow'r supports the Troops,
our Queen's just Cause maintain;
'Twas he advanc'd her to the Throne,
'tis he secures her Reign.

Preserve thy Chosen, and proceed,
thine Heritage to bless;
With Plenty prosper them in Peace,
in Battel with Success.
Glory to thee Immortal God,
One great Co-equal Three;
As at the first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

For a Day of Thankſgiving for Peace reſtor'd.

PSALM XLVI.

THE Mighty God is our Defence,
the Strength whereby we ſtand;
When Troubles their Approaches make,
his Help is nigh at Hand.
Our Faith may then unmov'd remain,
tho' th' Earth ſhould be diſplac'd;
Or tho' into the Sea's vaſt Gulph,
the Mountains ſhould be caſt.

Altho' the Ocean's troubled Waves
a frightful Noiſe ſhould make;
Should riſe and ſwell unto the Clouds,
and cauſe the Hills to ſhake.
There is a quiet Stream makes glad,
the City of the Lord;
His Preſence will ſecure her Peace,
and timely Help afford.

The Nations rage, and threaten War,
but God is on our ſide:
One Word of his diſſolves their Force,
and daunts their ſwelling Pride.
See what his Hand has done, it draws
the Sword out of its Sheath;
Which while he gives it leave, triumphs
in Slaughter, and in Death.

Then

Then by another Word, he makes
destructive Wars to cease:
He breaks their Arms, the Bow and Spear,
and Crowns the Earth with Peace.
Cease then, fond Man, to strive with God,
whose Pow'r is over all;
For fear lest he exalt himself
in your unpitied Fall.

Glory to thee Eternal God,
One great Mysterious Three;
As at the first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

For

For One's BIRTH-DAY.

Compos'd from ſeveral Pſalms.

BEhold, O Lord, my ſinful Soul,
to thee for Mercy flies.
Thy Mercy boundleſs is, blot out
all mine Iniquities.
I was conceiv'd, and Born in Sin,
too prone to do amiſs;
But Purity, and Truth of Heart,
to thee moſt pleaſing is.

Create in me, O Lord, a Heart,
unſpotted in thy Sight;
Renew in me a Mind unmov'd
from Goodneſs, and Upright:
Lord guide my Steps, that from the Way
of Truth I ne'er may err;
My looſe Affections ſo unite,
that I thy Name may fear.

Order my going in thy Word,
and my Director be;
Then no Iniquity ſhall gain
Dominion over me.
Thy Hands have made and faſhion'd me,
with Wiſdom me endue;
And by the Knowledge of thy Laws,
Lord, form my Soul anew.

Incline my Heart to thy Commands,
whilſt others Riches prize;

From

From the vain Pleaſures of this World,
Lord, turn away mine Eyes.
To fear the Lord, true Wiſdom is,
and he that ſtrives to pleaſe
His Maker, underſtands him beſt,
whoſe Praiſe ſhall never ceaſe.

Another.

IN all thy Works, O Lord, I ſee,
Footſteps of wond'rous Skill;
And in my ſelf, t' excite my Praiſe,
I find more Wonders ſtill.
When Form'd, unſeen within the dark
Receſſes of the Womb,
Before th' embroidery of Parts
was to Pefection come.

In that rude Maſs thou didſt diſcern
the growth of ev'ry part;
And what th' Eternal Mind had fram'd,
was drawn with curious Art.
Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb,
a living Off-ſpring bear,
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early care.

Thou Guard'an-like didſt ſhield from Wrong
my helpleſs Infant Days;
And ſince haſt been my God, and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd Ways.
Lord, I admire the various Thoughts,
and Counſels of thy Mind;

Their

Their Sum is Infinite, yet dear
to me, becauſe they're kind.
Since God does thus, his wondrous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to him I will devote,
and in his Service ſpend.
To Father Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Love, and Thanks, and Praiſe,
I offer now; and will the ſame
through my remaining Days.

D E-

DEVOTIONS for Sacrament Days; being Expreſſions and Exerciſes of Particular Graces ſuitable to that Occaſion.

An Exerciſe of FAITH.

PSAL. XXXVI.

BEyond the Limits of the Skie,
thy Mercy, Lord, extends;
Thy Faithfulneſs the narrow Bounds
of Space and Times tranſcends.
Mountains may be remov'd before
thy Truth ſhall fail the leaſt;
Thy Judgments none can fathom, thou
preſerveſt Man and Beaſt.

But who can prize enough, that Love
God bears unto the Juſt!
Under whoſe Providence and Care
good Men ſecurely truſt.
They to the Plenty of thy Houſe,
for all Supplies ſhall look;
And freely of thy Pleaſures drink,
as from a running Brook.

For all the Springs of Joy, and Life,
derived are from thee;
From thy continued Favour flows
all our Felicity.

To thoſe who thus eſteem thy Love,
thy Kindneſs ſtill impart;
And all thy Promiſes fulfill,
to Men of upright Heart.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Honour, Thanks, and Praiſe,
Be render'd now, as heretofore,
and to the end of Days.

Another.

The Song of Simeon, *Luke* 2. 29, &c.

I Now can leave this World and die
in Peace and quiet reſt;
Since my glad Eyes, O Lord, have been
with thy Salvation bleſt.
Thy Prophecies are all fulfill'd,
thy Promiſes are true;
And thy Myſterious Love diſclos'd
in all the People's view.

All the dark Shadows fly away,
now this bright Sun appears;
Whoſe ſaving Light the gentile World
with unknown Comfort chears.
Well may the long expected Sight,
make *Iſrael*'s Joys abound;
Before with ſpecial Favours grac'd,
but now with Glory crown'd.

Glory, and Honour, Power, and Praiſe,
to the Myſterious Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

A Hymn of Praiſe for the Redemption.

From ſeveral Paſſages in the Revelations.

ALL ye that ſerve the Lord, his Name,
ſee that ye celebrate;
And ye that fear him, ſing aloud,
his Praiſe both ſmall and great.
O thou great Ruler of the World,
thy Works our Wonder raiſe:
Thou bleſſed King of Saints, how true
and righteous are thy Ways!
Who would not fear and praiſe thy Name,
thou only Holy One!
The World will worſhip thee, to whom
thy Judgments are made known.
Moſt Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Almighty is thy Name:
Which was before all Time, and is,
and ſhall be ſtill the ſame.
All Glory, Pow'r and Honour, thou
art worthy to receive;
For all things by thy Pow'r were made,
and by thy Pleaſure live.
To thee of right, O Lamb of God,
Riches and Pow'r belong;
Wiſdom and Honour, Glory, Strength,
and ev'ry praiſing Song.
Thou, as our Sacrifice waſt ſlain,
and by thy precious Bloud,

From e'ery Tongue, and Nation haſt
Redeem'd us unto God.
From thee to be both Kings and Prieſts,
the Priviledge we gain;
And ſhall hereafter be advanc'd,
with thee, O Chriſt, to reign.
Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, Power,
by all in Earth and Heaven,
To him that ſits upon the Throne,
and to the Lamb be given.

Exerciſes

Exercises of a thankful Remembrance of the Death of Christ.

See the Psalms for *Good-Fryday.*

Exercises of Repentance.

See the Penitential Psalms.

An Exercise of Holy Resolution.

Compos'd from the 119*th* Psalm.

Part I.

MY Lips unlockt by Pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deserve our best regard.
Whilst in the way of thy Commands,
more solid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vast encrease
of envi'd Riches crown'd.
Therefore thy just and upright Laws
shall always fill my Mind;
And those sound Rules which thou prescrib'st
all due Respect shall find.
To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
shall be my constant Joy;
The strict remembrance of thy Word
shall all my Thoughts employ.

Lord,

Lord, thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.
Lord, I to keep thy Righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From day to day my time to come,
in their Obſervance ſpend.

My longing Heart, and raviſh'd Soul,
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy,
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.
Then will I to thy juſt Decrees,
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſineſs then ſhall be,
to ſtudy thy Commands.

O Lord, my God, my Portion thou,
and ſure Poſſeſſion art:
Thy Word I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my Heart.
With due Reflection, and ſtrict Care,
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wandring Steps I brought.

I loſt no time, but made great haſt,
reſolv'd without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.
In dead of Night I will apply,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe:
Convinc'd how much I always ought,
to love thy Righteous Ways.

PART II.

The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd Heart without reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
While pamper'd they with proſperous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
I ſware (and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide,)
That in thy Righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoyce.
My Heart with early Zeal began,
thy Statutes to obey;
And till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.
Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt:
But to thy Law Affection bear,
too great to be expreſt.
Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
The Wonders which thy Law contain,
no Words can repreſent;

There-

Therefore, to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
Brought for thy Sake to low eſtate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts, or Wrongs, can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
A numerous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes,
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul,
thy Statutes to decline.

With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe,
who thy bleſt Name adore.
With my whole Heart to God, I call'd,
Lord hear my earneſt cry;
And I thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.

Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe;
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
Glory and Praiſe I'll ever ſing
to thee, O God of Love.
May ev'ry Age of Time do this,
and all the World above.

An Exerciſe of the Enjoyment of God.

PSAL. XVI.

GOD is my Portion, all my Good
from his rich Bounty flows;
And his good Providence ſecures
the Bleſſings he beſtows.
I envy not the great Man's ſtate,
nor pine to ſee his Store;
With what I have, I'm pleaſed much,
with what I hope for more.

I'll bleſs the Lord, even when he makes
Troubles mine Exerciſe.
Thoſe ſad and ſolitary Thoughts,
inſtruct and make me wiſe.
When God is preſent to my Mind,
my Fears are overblown;
When he ſtands by me with his Aid,
no Power ſhall caſt me down.

Therefore my Heart and Tongue rejoyce,
in him my Fleſh ſhall truſt;
My Soul ſhall not remain in Hell,
nor Body in the Duſt;
The Path of Life they both ſhall find,
and in thy Preſence taſt
Pleaſures to full perfection grown,
and Joys that ever laſt.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
May Praiſe, and Glory, be aſcrib'd,
now, and for ever more.

Another.

Another.

PSAL. XXIII.

THE Lord my careful Shepherd is,
I to his Flock belong;
I ſhall not ſtray without a Guide,
nor be expos'd to Wrong.
The Paſtures they are freſh and green,
where I have Food and Eaſe;
He leads me to the quiet Streams,
where I my Thirſt appeaſe.
His Comforts which refreſh my Soul,
Life's Journey pleaſant make;
He guides me in his righteous Paths,
for his own Goodneſs ſake.
Tho' I ſhould walk where black Deſpair
reflects a diſmal Shade,
Thy Rod and Staff would chaſe away
my Fears, and make me glad.
In preſence of my Foes thou ſpreadſt
my Table, who repine,
To ſee rich Oils anoint my Head,
my Cup o'erflows with Wine.
Surely the Goodneſs of the Lord
ſhall crown my future Days:
I will frequent his Houſe, to ſhew
his Love, and ſing his Praiſe.
Glory and Honour, Praiſe and Love,
to the Myſterious Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now, and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXXI. *An Evening Song.*

TO *Sion*'s Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid,
From *Sion*'s Hill, and *Sion*'s God,
who Heaven and Earth has made.
Thou then my Soul in Safety reſt,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
His watchful Care that *Iſrael*'s guards,
will thee from Miſchief keep.
Shelter'd beneath Almighty Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
Where neither Sun, nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day, or Night moleſt.
From common Accidents of Life,
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From the blind Stroaks of Chance, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.
From harm thy Body he'll protect,
preſerve thy Soul from Sin;
Will proſper thy Deſigns abroad,
and bleſs thy coming in.
In all the Dangers thou canſt meet,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee through Life's Pilgrimage,
ſafe to thy Journey's end.
Glory to thee, Great God of Love,
for ever render'd be;
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues
ſing Hymns of Praiſe to Thee.

An Exerciſe of Love to God.

PSAL. LXIII.

EArly, O Lord, my fainting Soul,
thy Mercy does implore;
No Traveller in deſart Lands,
can thirſt for Water more.
I long t' appear as I was wont,
within thy Holy Place,
Thy Pow'r, and Glory to behold,
and to partake thy Grace.
For Life it ſelf without thy Love,
no reliſh does afford;
No other Joys can equal this,
to ſerve and praiſe the Lord.
I'll therefore make my Pray'r to Thee,
and bleſs Thee whilſt I live;
This like the choiceſt Dainties will,
both Food and Pleaſure give.
When others ſleep, my wakeful Thoughts
preſent Thee to my Mind;
And in the Night I think how Good,
my God has been, and kind.
Since thou alone haſt been my Help,
To Thee alone I fly;
And on thy watchful Providence,
with chearfulneſs rely.
Dangers, whilſt thou art near to me,
do threaten me in vain:

When I keep close to God, his Care,
and Pow'r will me sustain.
Glory to Thee Immortal God,
and Hymns of thankful Praise
Be render'd through all Times, and still
beyond the end of Days.

Another.

Compos'd from several Psalms.

BLest Fountain of my Joys, for Thee
I long, to Thee I look;
No chased Hart does pant so much
after the Water Brook.
A thousand joyous Days elsewhere,
yield me not such Content,
As one Days freedom at thy House,
and in thy Service spent.
There let me have the meanest place,
and at the Threshold lie,
Rather than all the Wicked's state
without this Liberty.
For God, who's our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
from them that justly live.
Over all the Earth, thy Mercy Lord,
abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn
thy sacred Paths to tread.
Thou art, O Lord, Supreamly Good,
and all thou dost is so;

On me thy Statutes to diſcern,
the ſaving Skill beſtow.
My early Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
With Zeal I have awak'd, before
the Midnight Watch was ſet;
That I of thy myſterious Word,
might perfect Knowledge get.
My Soul with Patience waits on God,
my Help, and Strength is He;
Then Lord, let ſtill my Heart rejoyce,
becauſe I truſt in Thee.
The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to me extend;
Since I for all I want, or wiſh,
on Thee alone depend.
All Glory, due to Thee, O Lord,
my Soul ſhall ever give:
My thankful Heart, and joyful Tongue,
ſhall praiſe Thee whilſt I live.

Another.

LET all the Juſt to God with Joys,
their chearful Voices raiſe;
For well the Righteous it becomes,
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
Let Harps and Pſalteries, and Lute,
in joyful Conſort meet;

And new made Songs of loud Applause,
the Harmony compleat.

For Faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound;
He Justice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodness crown'd.
But who can prize enough that Love,
God bears unto the Just!
Under whose Providence and Care,
good Men securely trust.

They to the Plenty of thy House,
for all Supplies shall look;
And freely of thy Pleasures drink,
as from a running Brook.
For all the Springs of Joy, and Life,
derived are from Thee:
From thy continued Favour flows
all our Felicity.

To those who thus esteem thy Love,
thy kindness still impart;
And all thy Promises fulfill,
to Men of upright Heart.
Glory and Praise to thee, O God,
One great Mysterious Three;
As at the first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

An Exerciſe of Truſt in God.

PSAL. XXVII.

WHom ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving Health and Light;
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
What can my Soul affright?
I always in his Houſe to dwell,
ſhall earneſtly deſire:
His wond'rous Beauty there to View,
and of his Will enquire.

For there I may with Comfort reſt,
in times of deep Diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide,
in that ſecure receſs.
Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes,
my lofty Head ſhall raiſe;
And I my joyful Tribute bring
with grateful Songs of Praiſe.

Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
When e'er to thee I cry;
In Mercy my Complaints receive,
nor my Requeſt deny.
When us to ſeek thy glorious Face,
Thou kindly doſt adviſe,
Thy Glorious Face I'll always ſeek
my grateful Heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
Nor me in Wrath reject;

My God and Saviour leave not him
thou doſt ſo oft protect.
Though all my Friends and Kindred too
their helpleſs Charge forſake,
Yet thou whoſe Love excells them all
wilt Care and Pity take.

Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my Ways directly guide,
Leſt envious men, who watch my Steps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide;
I truſted that my future Life
ſhould with thy Love be crown'd:
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk
with Sorrow compaſs'd round.

God's time with Patience I'll expect,
who will inſpire my Breaſt
With inward Strength; I'll do my part;
and leave to him the reſt.
Glory to all the Myſtick Three,
with Thanks, and Praiſe, and Love,
Be given by all that dwell on Earth,
and all in Heaven above.

Another.

PSAL. LXII.

MY Soul doth wait on God,
My Rock and my Defence;
I ſhall not greatly then be mov'd,
for Safety comes from thence.
Ye People truſt in Him,
What time ye are afraid;

He'll

He'll be your Refuge in diſtreſs
when you implore his Aid.
The Men of low degree
are vain, Great Men a Lie;
Both in the Ballance laid, appear
lighter than Vanity.
Wealth makes not happy Men,
and truſt in this is vain;
Then ſeek not by oppreſſive Arts
or Fraud t' encreaſe your Gain.
If Riches ſhould abound,
by Heaven's Bleſſing ſent,
Take heed they do not gain your Hearts,
or make you Inſolent.
That all may know from whence
their Help they ſhould derive,
Thou Lord haſt oft declar'd that Pow'r
is thy Prerogative.
And that unceſſant Streams
Of Mercy flow from thee;
So that according to Mens Works
their due Reward ſhall be.
Glory to Thee Great God,
One Co-eternal Three;
As at the firſt Beginning was,
May now and ever be.

An Exerciſe of humble Reſignation.

PSAL. CXXXI.

LORD I have no aſpiring Thoughts,
nor Eyes that lofty are;
Nor meddle with the things advanc'd
above my lower Sphere.
But humble and reſign'd I lie
compos'd to ſilent Reſt;
Mine as a Child's Behaviour is,
wean'd from his Mothers Breaſt.
Let Pious Souls no more admire
the World's deceitful Shows;
But with an undiſturbed Mind
in God their Truſt repoſe.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was, is now,
Henceforth for evermore.

A Prayer for the Church's Proſperity and Peace.

PSAL. CXXII.

O 'twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up *Iſrael* to the Temple haſt,
and keep your Feſtal Day.
At *Salem*'s Courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs.

'Tis thither by Divine Command
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where Equity takes place;
There ſtand the Courts and Palaces
of Royal *David*'s Race.

O pray we then for *Salem*'s Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou Holy City of our God)
who bear true Love to thee.
May Peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant Gueſt be found;
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Pallaces be crown'd.

For my dear Brethren's Sake and Friends,
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray, May Peace in *Salem*'s Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Perſons Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks,
now and for ever be.

DEVOTIONS for the four Seaſons of the Year.

For the SPRING.

OVER all the Earth the Nations ſpread,
God's Works of Power and Anger dread;
And all adore thy Goodneſs great,
Where're the Sun does riſe or ſet.

Thy Care prevents a threatning Dearth,
Thou viſiteſt the thirſty Earth:
how'rs to enrich her Barren Womb
From thy full Spring above do come.

Thy Bounty does that Food provide,
By which our Needs are all ſupply'd:
The hardned Ridges of the Field
Water'd with Show'rs grow ſoft and yield.

Its Furrows ſettled and depreſt,
Its Springs by After-Rains is bleſt.
The fruitful Year thy Bleſſings crown,
And Plenty from the Clouds drops down.

The Wilderneſs refreſh'd with Rain,
Tho' parch'd before, now ſprings again.
The little Hills new Garments wear,
And in their youthful Green appear.

Flocks are the clothing of the Plain,
The Vales are cover'd o'er with Grain:

All Nature ſeems to ſhout and ſing,
To welcome in the hopeful SPRING.

Great Everliving God to Thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three;
May all thy Works thy Glory ſing,
And every Age this Tribute bring.

For the SUMMER.

GReat God how various are thy Works!
Created all with wond'rous Skill!
Thy Bleſſings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
And the Seas ſpacious Boſom fill.

Whoſe yielding Waves the Ships divide,
There Fiſhes move of differing Size.
And there the Great Leviathan
Does play, and Mens Attempts deſpiſe.

Theſe all wait humbly to receive
Thine Alms of ſeaſonable Food;
And what thine open'd Hand beſtows
They gather, and are fill'd with Good.

By God's Command th' enrich'd Earth,
Food for all Creatures does produce:
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
And Herbs for Man's peculiar Uſe.

Rich Wine that chears Man's Heart, and Oyl
That makes his Countenance look bright:
Bread the Support of Life, all made
To ſerve our Needs, or our Delight.

While this World's Frame and Order laſts,
God's Glory never can be leſs:
And what his Wiſdom made ſo good,
His Favour will delight to Bleſs.

Glory to thee Great God alone,
Three Perſons in One Deity;
As it had been in Ages paſt
May now and ſtill for ever be.

In a Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

GOD's Power created all at firſt,
His Pleaſure rules them ſtill:
His uncontrouled Mind the Heav'n,
the Earth and Seas fulfil.
By undiſcerned Force he makes
the Vapours to ariſe;
Which frame the Clouds, where Fire unmingled with Water lies. (quench'd
From thence the dreadful Lightnings burſt,
and Rains are poured down;
He brings his boyſterous Winds and Storms
from Treaſuries unknown.
Supported by thy glorious Works,
thy Fame can never die;
But thy Memorial ſhall endure
to all Eternity.

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe
to God alone be given;

As

As hath been, now, and evermore,
by all in Earth and Heaven.

Another.

PSAL. XXIX.

THE Glorious Empire of the Lord,
Ye Rulers of the World proclaim:
And in his Sanctuary give
The Honour due unto his Name.

Hark how his thundring Voice does run
Through all the Regions of the Sky;
The Clouds are frighted with the Noise
So full of Power and Majesty.

The lofty Cedars bow their Heads,
And break before the mighty Sound;
Mountains that bear them feel the Shock,
And (like a frighted Calf) rebound.

Before this Voice the dreadful Flames
Of pointed Lightnings tear the Air;
Wild Creatures that in Deserts dwell,
Think they're not safe but tremble there.

This makes the tim'rous Hinds to Calve,
Wild Beasts the naked Thickets leave:
But in his Sacred Temple all
Fearless to God their Praises give.

The Lord's Dominion does extend
To Clouds above, and Floods below;
This great Protector of the Good
Will Rest and Peace on his bestow.

All Power and Glory be ascrib'd
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Thro'

Thro' every Age of Time, and when
Time in Eternity is loſt.

For AUTUMN.

A Father's Pity to his Child
Reſembles God's, tho' ſhorter far;
For he conſiders our weak Frame,
That only quickned Duſt we are.

Man's Days are like the Graſs or Flow'rs
That in the Field its Beauty ſhows;
But fades with ev'ry blaſting Wind,
And then its former Place none knows.

But God's eternal Truth and Love
Is to good Men, and to their Race,
Thoſe that his Laws and Covenant keep
His Favour ever will embrace.

Bleſt is the Man whoſe vertuous Steps
No wicked Counſels lead aſide;
Nor ſtands in Sinners ways, nor ſits
Where God and Goodneſs Men deride.

But on the Laws Divine his Love
Is plac'd, his Soul's entire Delight:
On theſe his Mind is fix'd by Day,
On theſe his wakeful Thoughts by Night.

He like a Tree from living Streams
Derives his Sap and kindly Juice:
His Leaves are ever freſh and green,
His Branches timely Fruits produce.

Th' immortal Seeds of Light and Bliſs
For truly pious Men are ſown;
A joyful Harveſt will at length
Their Labours and their Sorrows crown.

The great Employment of my Life
Shall be to praiſe our gracious Lord;
To meditate his Love and Works
The ſweeteſt Pleaſures will afford.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Great and Co-eternal Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks
May now, henceforth, and ever be.

For the WINTER.

TO God your chearful Praiſes ſing
Whoſe Bounty all things does maintain;
Who covers Heav'n with wat'ry Clouds,
And for the Earth prepares the Rain.

He makes the tender Graſs to grow
On Mountains which were parch'd and dry;
Wild Beaſts are fed without our Care,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

All Creatures ſoon obey his Word:
Like ſofteſt Wool he ſends the Snows;
His Cryſtal Ice like Morſels caſts;
And the hoar Froſt like Aſhes ſtrows.

None can endure his piercing Cold,
But at his Word warm Winds do blow:

Then

Then Rocks of Ice are ſoon diſſolv'd,
And the congealed Waters flow.

All ſee theſe Works; to *Iſrael*
He ſpecial Favour does afford;
The clearer Knowledge of his Will
And Laws they have: Praiſe ye the Lord.

Glory and Honour, Power and Praiſe
Let favour'd *Iſrael* always bring;
And all the Nations of the Earth
In ev'ry Age his Glory ſing.

D E-

DEVOTIONS

IN

Psalms and *Hymns*,

AND

Spiritual Songs,

FOR

Several States and Conditions

OF

LIFE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

COMPLAINTS, PRAYERS, VOWS, UNDER *Diſtreſs, Perſecution, and Affliction.*

PSAL. III.

A Complaint of Numerous Enemies.

WHAT Numbers Lord againſt me riſe,
and in my Troubles boaſt!
That ſay my Hopes in God are vain,
and my Condition's loſt.
But Lord, I'll glory in thee ſtill,
and on thy Power rely:
Thou ſhalt defend me as a Shield,
and lift my Head on high.
To thee I cry'd in my Diſtreſs,
and thou from Heav'n didſt hear;
Safely I ſlept without Concern,
and wak'd without all Fear.
Tho thouſands of my Foes conſpir'd,
my Courage ſhould not fail:
Tho' they beſieg'd me, I ſhould be
ſecur'd, or elſe prevail.
Ariſe and ſave me, O my God,
for thou haſt heretofore

Turn'd

Turn'd back mine Enemies with Shame,
and broken all their Power.
Thoſe whom the Lord does love, and own
he ſtill will bleſs and ſave:
Then let this Author of their Good
their chearful Praiſes have.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Perſons Three,
May every Age of time give Praiſe,
to all Eternity.

PSAL. IV.

The Princes Complaint and Addreſs to God againſt his Rebellious Subjects.

HEAR me, O Lord, the great Support
of mine Integrity:
Thou haſt my former Troubles eas'd,
now to my Prayers draw nigh.
Fond Men that would my Glory ſtain,
my Government deſpiſe,
How long will ye purſue vain Hopes,
and pleaſe your ſelves with Lies?
Know that the Lord doth Righteous Men
with ſpecial Favour own:
Tho, you deſpiſe me he ne'er will
on my Petitions frown.
Sin not but fear; let quiet Thoughts
inſtruct and make you wiſe;
Join a pure Heart with Truſt in God,
as the beſt Sacrifice.

Tho'

Tho' others in diſtruſt of thee
to other Succours fly;
Thou art our Hope, Lord caſt on us
a favourable Eye.
Thy Love more chears my Heart than when
their Corn has wiſh'd encreaſe;
Or when a happy Vintage makes
their Wine o'erflow the Preſs.

Down will I lie in Peace, and Sleep
ſhall cloſe my wearied Eyes;
No Fears diſturb me whilſt I know
in God my Safety lies.

Glory and Honour, Power and Praiſe
to the Myſterious three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

PSAL. V.

A Complaining Addreſs under a Private Perſecution.

LORD hear the Voice of my Complaint,
Accept my ſecret Pray'r
To thee alone my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.

For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain
canſt never Lord approve;

Who from thy ſecret dwelling Place
all Evil doſt remove.
Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View;
All ſuch as act unrighteous things
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.
The ſlandering Tongue, O God of Truth
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in deceit employ'd.
Conduct me by thy Righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way
wherein I ought to go.

Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is ſet on wrong:
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin:
For they againſt thy Righteous Laws
have hardned Rebels been.

But let all thoſe who truſt in thee
with Shouts their Joy proclaim:
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.
To Righteous Men the Righteous Lord
his Bleſſing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints
as with a Shield defend.

Glory

Glory to Thee Immortal God,
thrice Bleſſed Three in One,
Thy Praiſe at all times be advanc'd
till time it ſelf be done.

PSAL. VII.

An Addreſs to God againſt private Wrongs.

O Lord my God ſince I have plac'd
my Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage
do thou deliver me.
To ſave me from my Threatning Foe,
Lord interpoſe thy Pow'r;
Leſt like a Salvage Lion he
my harmleſs Soul devour.

Awake, awake, in my behalf,
the Judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.
So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly:
O therefore for their Sakes reſume
the Judgment Seat on high.

Impartial Judge of all the Earth,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt Deſerts
ſo let thy Sentence be.
Let wicked Arts and wicked Men
together be o'erthrown:
But guard the Juſt, thou God to whom
the Hearts of both are known.

Me God protects, nor me alone,
but all of upright Heart:
And daily lays up Wrath for those
who from his Laws depart:
Therefore will I the Righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the Praise of God most high,
and Celebrate his Name.

The God most High, most Great and Good,
Let all delight to praise:
His Glory sing through every Age
until the end of Days.

PSAL. XII.

A Complaint of General and Prevailing Wickedness.

LORD, if thou doest not come and help,
Goodness will fly away;
And faithful Men will find no Place,
if thou much longer stay.
Dissimulation Credit gains,
They're wise that act a part;
Who tho' their Words are smooth, intend
no Kindness in their Heart.

God will base Flatterers destroy,
and all their Arts will Shame:
Who fear not God's Revenge, and count
Religion but a Name.
Power's their Justice, whose Defects
by Falshood they supply:
And plead for their injurious Tongues
unbounded Liberty.

But

But God that hears the Sighs and Groans
of ſuch as are oppreſs'd,
Will vindicate their Cauſe, and raiſe
his Pow'r to give them reſt.
God's Words from all Deceit are free,
his Truth hath oft been tried:
Silver is not ſo free from Droſs,
tho' ſeven times purified.

Thy Promiſe Lord ſhall never fail
to keep the Juſt from Harm:
Tho' when the vile have Pow'r, bad Men
on ev'ry ſide will ſwarm.
Glory and Praiſe to thee alone,
O Lord I'll always give:
My Tongue and Heart ſhall ſtill extoll
thee, whilſt by thee I Live.

PSAL. XIII.

A Prayer under Diſtreſs.

HOW long wilt thou forget me Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
Oh when wilt thou return?
How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long mine Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?

O Hear, and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light,
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.

Reſtore me leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame:
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.

Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercies Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring.
Then ſhall my Song with Praiſe inſpir'd
to thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in diſtreſs
ſuch Bounty did extend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One great Almighty Three,
All Truſt and Praiſe, and Thanks and Love,
Now and for ever be.

PSAL. XIV.

A Complaint of general and prevailing Wickedneſs.

THE Fools believe there is no God,
That minds Affairs of Men below;
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud
They live as if they thought it ſo.

Their Principles are all corrupt,
Hateful and vile their Actions are;
They're only skilful to do Ill,
But from all Good eſtranged far.

God from his glorious Throne above
Look'd down, and took a ſtrict ſurvey,
What Men did ſeek, and know the Lord,
And did his juſt Commands obey.

He

He found them all degenerate,
With loathſome Wickedneſs o'ergrown;
None were religious, and juſt,
Or practis'd Goodneſs, no not one.

'Tis ſtrange they ſhould without Remorſe
Like Bread thy People thus devour;
Yet neither own thee by their Prayers,
Nor dread the Vengeance of thy Pow'r.

For all their Confidence and Pride,
Terrors ſhall ſeize them unawares;
When God appears to help the Juſt,
And Puniſhment for theſe prepares.

You now deride their Truſt in God;
But when from Bondage he ſhall bring
Salvation to his People, then
You ſhall be ſad, and they ſhall ſing.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One Ever-living Sovereign Lord;
As at the firſt ſtill may he be
Belov'd and prais'd, fear'd and ador'd.

PSAL. XXV.

A Prayer in Diſtreſs.

TO God I make my Pray'r,
In him my Truſt repoſe,
O let me not become a Scorn,
or triumph to my Foes.
In all my Troubles Lord,
mine Eyes are towards thee:
I hope thy Goodneſs at the laſt
from all will ſet me free.

Lord turn a gracious Eye
to me, and Mercy ſhow;
Great are th' Afflictions I endure,
and find no Help below.
My Troubles are enlarg'd:
Lord ſend me quick Relief;
Grant me Forgiveneſs of my Sins,
and then remove my Grief.

Conſider how my Foes
in number ſtill encreaſe:
How they with cauſeleſs Hatred ſeek
the Ruin of my Peace.
Preſerve and keep my Soul
from Shame as well as Gulit;
O never diſappoint the Hopes
that I on thee have built.

Let my try'd Innocence
find ſure Supports from thee:
At length thy choſen People Lord
from all their Troubles free.
Glory to Thee Great God,
One Co-eternal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
May now, and ever be.

PSAL. XXVI.

An Addreſs againſt the Wickedneſs of Factions.

JUdge me, O Lord, for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod:
I cannot fail who all my Truſt,
repoſe in thee my God.
Search thou my Heart, whoſe Innocence
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd:
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
and made thy Truth my Guide.

I never for Companions took
the Idle or Profane:
No Hypocrite with all his Arts
could e'er my Friendſhip gain.
I hate the buſy plotting Crew,
who make diſtracted times;
And ſhun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.

I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure,
That when thy Altar I approach,
my welcome may ſecure.
My Thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell
how thy Renown excells:
That Seat affords me moſt Delight
in which thy Honour dwells.

Paſs not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murders make their Trade;
Who others Rights by ſecret Bribes,
or open Force invade.

But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence purſue:
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies Lord renew.

In ſpight of all aſſaulting Foes
I ſtill maintain my Ground:
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints
thy Praiſes to reſound.
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Ever-living Lord,
As at the firſt ſtill may he be
belov'd, prais'd, and ador'd.

PSAL. XXXI.

An Addreſs to God, with Expreſſions of Truſt in him in a time of Affliction.

DEfend me Lord from Shame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.
Bow down thy Gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend:
Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear
to ſhelter and defend.

Since thou when Foes oppreſs
My Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs
thy wonted Help impart.
To thee the God of Truth
my Life and all that's mine,

For

For thou preſerv'ſt me from my Youth,
I willingly reſign.
All vain Deſigns I hate
of thoſe that truſt in lies:
And ſtill my Soul in ev'ry State
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhown,
I'll chearfully expreſs,
For thou haſt ſeen my Straits, and known
my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
Thy Mercy Lord diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs,
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones:
My Foes my Sufferings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at ſight of me were ſhock'd,
and fled as Men diſmay'd.
Forſook by all I am,
as dead and out of Mind:
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
Whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.
But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt.
I on thy Help repoſe:

That thou my God art Good and Juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

Part III.

Whate're Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all;
Then Lord thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
The Brightneſs of thy Face
to me O Lord diſcloſe:
And as thy Mercies ſtill encreaſe
preſerve me from my Foes.

Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on thee:
Let that and ſilence in the Grave
the Sinners Portion be.
Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
Whoſe Breath in Lies is ſpent:
Who falſe Reports with proud Diſdain
againſt the Righteous vent.

How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name;
Which thou for thoſe that truſt thy Care
doſt to the World proclaim.
Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight
from proud Oppreſſors free:
From Tongues that do in Strife delight
they are preſerv'd by thee.

I ſaid in haſty Flight
I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes:

Yet

Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy ſight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.
O all ye Saints the Lord
with eager Love purſue:
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their due.
Ye that on God rely,
Couragiouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with Strength in time of Need.
Glory to God on high,
One God in Perſons Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

PSAL. XXXV.

The Church's Complaint and Prayer againſt her Enemies.

AGainſt all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord aſſert my Right:
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage
do thou my Battles fight.
Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm:
Stand up my God in my Defence,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe
that haſt my Blood to ſpill:
Say to my Soul I am thy Health,
and will preſerve thee ſtill.

Let

Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deſtruction ſought:
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe
be to Confuſion brought.

Then ſhall they fly diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind:
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
Since unprovok'd by any Wrong
they hid their treach'rous Snare:
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
did cauſeleſly prepare.

Surpriz'd by Miſchief unforeſeen,
by their own Art betray'd,
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net
which they for me had laid.
Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for his Deliverance bleſs;
And by his ſaving Health ſecur'd
a grateful Joy expreſs.

My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who can compare with thee?
Who ſet'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man
from ſtrong Oppreſſors free.

Part II.

Falſe Witneſſes with forg'd Complaints
againſt my Truth combin'd:
And to my Charge ſuch things they laid
as I had ne'er deſign'd.

The

The Good which I to them had done
with Evil they repaid:
And did by Malice undeſerv'd
my harmleſs Life invade.

But as for me, when they were ſick,
I ſtill in Sackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd, and faſted, and my Prayer
to my own Breaſt return'd.
Had they my Friends or Brethren been
I could have done no more:
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief
a Mother's Loſs deplore.

How different did their Carriage prove
in times of my Diſtreſs?
When they in Crowds together met
did Salvage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too in mighty Throngs
by their Example came,
And ceas'd not with reviling Words
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.

Scoffers that Noble Tables haunt
and earn their Bread with Lies,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'ring Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
But Lord how long wilt thou look on?
on my behalf appear:
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they
like ravening Beaſts would tear.

So I before the liſtning World
ſhall grateful Thanks expreſs:
And where the great Aſſembly meets
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.

PART III.

Lord ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy or ſecret Signs
to mock my ſad Eſtate.
For they with Hearts averſe from Peace
induſtriouſly deviſe
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
to forge malicious Lies.

But thou who doſt both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey.
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
Stir up thy ſelf in my behalf
thy Judgment Lord awake:
Thy Righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.

Lord as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find:
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.
O let them not amongſt themſelves
in boaſting Language ſay,
At length our Wiſhes are compleat,
and we have gain'd our Prey.

Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoice,
for Shame their Faces hide:
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd.

Whilſt

Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend:
And bleſs the Lord who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy:
And chearful Hymns in Praiſe of thee
ſhall all my Days employ.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the thankful Praiſes due,
We will moſt gladly be employ'd
for ever forth to ſhew.

PSAL. XLII.

A Complaint and Prayer when detained from the Publick Worſhip by any Diſaſter.

Bleſs'd Fountain of my Joys, for thee
I long, to thee I look:
No chaſed Hart does pant ſo much
after the Water-brook.
Leſs Grief it were to be exil'd
from mine own Houſe than thine.
O how I wiſh t' approach the Place
where all thy Glories ſhine!

This makes my Sorrows to encreaſe
and Tears become my Food:
To hear my Foes reproach my Faith,
and ſay where's now thy God?
Paſt Joys renew my Grief to think
how to thine Houſe we came,

In Troops to feaſt, and Praiſes ſung
in Conſort to thy Name.
Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad Thoughts,
whence nought but Trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
hinder not my Repoſe.
I've learnt this Remedy to keep
my Paſſions calm and ſtill,
I'm nearer help by Hope in God,
and a reſigned Will.

Part II.

One Trouble calls another on
and gathering o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul
a roaring Sea is ſpread.
But when thy Preſence Lord of Life
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll Midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.
God of my Strength, how long ſhall I
like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſors Scorn?
My Heart is pierc'd as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid,
Vain Boaſter where is now thy God,
and where his promis'd Aid?
Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad Thoughts
whence nought but Trouble flows?

Since

Since you procure not what I wiſh,
hinder not my repoſe.
I've learnt this Remedy to keep
my Paſſions calm and ſtill,
I'm nearer Help by Hope in God,
and a reſigned Will.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Co-eternal Three,
All higheſt Praiſe, and humbleſt Thanks
now and for ever be.

PSAL. XLIII.

A Prayer againſt private Wrong.

JUſt Judge of Heaven, againſt my Foes
Do thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
That in Deceit, and Wrong delight.

Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
Why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
While my inſulting Foes oppreſs?

Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
Be theſe my Guide to lead my Way:
Till on thy ſacred Hill I reſt,
And in thy peaceful Temple pray.

Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe,
To God who is my only Joy:
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.

Why

Why then caſt down my Soul? and why
So much oppreſt with anxious Care?
On God, thy God for Aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd Life repair.

Glory to thee great God alone,
Three Perſons in one Deity,
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ſtill for ever be.

PSAL. LV.

A Complaint and Prayer againſt Slander and Oppreſſion.

GIve Ear thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy gracious Face away.
Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans:
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

Hark how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors Rage;
Whoſe ſland'ring Tongues with wrathful (Hate
againſt my Fame engage.
My Heart is wrackt with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſt;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.

How often wiſh'd I then that I
the Doves ſwift Wings could get:

That

That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe retreat.
Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſarts ſtray:
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

Part II.

Deſtroy O Lord their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide:
For through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine ſpied.
By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their conſtant round:
And in the midſt of all her Strength
are Grief and Miſchief found.

Whoe're through every part ſhall roam
will freſh Diſorders meet:
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in every Street.
For 'twas not any open Foe
that falſe Reflections made,
For then I could with Eaſe have born
the bitter things he ſaid.

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt,
that did againſt me riſe,
For then I had withdrawn my ſelf
from his malicious Eyes.
But 'twas e'en thou my Guide, my Friend,
whom tendereſt Love did join:
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Prayers were mix'd with mine.

Sure

Sure Vengeance equal to their Crimes,
ſuch Traitors ſhall ſurprize:
And ſudden Wrath requite thoſe Ills
they wickedly deviſe.
But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear.
At Morn and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and he my Voice ſhall hear.

Part III.

God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend:
And made a numerous Hoſt of Friends
my Righteous Cauſe defend.
For he who was my Help of old
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.

Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?
Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound:
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.

Do thou my Soul on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain:
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the wicked ſtrive in vain.

My

My Foes that trade in Lies and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die:
Whilſt I for Health, and length of Days
on thee my God rely.
Glory and Praiſe to this Great God,
as due I'll always give:
By whoſe great Goodneſs and his Care
I ſhall my Wrongs ſurvive.

PSAL. LVI.

An Addreſs to God againſt the Malice of wicked Men with Expreſſions of Truſt in him.

DO thou, O Lord, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life purſues:
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs
he daily Strife renews.
Continually my ſpiteful Foes
to ruin me combine:
Thou ſee'ſt who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.
But tho ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear
of Dangers firſt alarm;
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him
the Arm of Fleſh defy.
They wreſt my Words, and make them ſpeak
a Senſe they never meant;

Their

Their Thoughts are all with reſtleſs Spite
on my Deſtruction bent.
In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay;
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait
to make my Soul their Prey.

Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God ariſe:
Let thy juſt Wrath too long provok'd
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
Thou numbreſt all my Steps ſince firſt
I was compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſtred by thee.

When therefore I invoke thine Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown:
For I am well aſſur'd that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.
I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe:
To thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to thee I'll render Praiſe.

Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death,
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r
I may this Light enjoy:
And in the Service of my God
my lengthened Days employ.

Glory

Glory and Praiſe to thee, O Lord,
the Everlaſting King:
May ev'ry Age of time henceforth,
as we now, gladly ſing.

PSAL. LXXIV.

The Church's Complaint and Prayer againſt her Enemies.

WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God,
wilt thou no more return?
O why againſt thy choſen Flock
does thy fierce Anger burn?
Think on thy ancient purchaſe Lord,
the Land that is thine own:
By thee redeem'd, and *Sion*'s Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.

O come and view our ruin'd State,
how long our Troubles laſt:
See how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſt.
Thy Holy Temple they have burnt,
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.

Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy,
maliciouſly they aim'd:
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd.
But Lord how long wilt thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt,

Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?
Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong right Hand,
and on thy patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth
ſo calmly let it reſt?
Thou heretofore with Kingly Pow'r
in our Defence haſt fought;
For us throughout the wond'ring World
haſt great Salvation wrought.
'Twas thou, O God that didſt the Sea
by thine own Strength divide:
Thou brak'ſt the Watry Monſters Head,
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.
Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow:
Again thou mad'ſt through parted Streams
thy wond'ring People go.
Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Returns of Night:
Thou haſt prepar'd the Glorious Sun,
and every feebler Light.
By thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect order ſtand:
The Summer's Warmth and Winter's Cold
attend on thy Command.
Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame:
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy Holy Name.
O free thy mourning Turtle Dove,
by ſinful Crowds beſet,

Nor

Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor
for ever Lord forget.

Thy Ancient Covenant Lord regard,
and make thy Promiſe Good:
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
O let not the oppreſt return,
with Sorrow cloath'd and Shame:
But let the helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.

Ariſe, O God, in our behalf,
thy Cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember how inſulting Foes
each Day thy Name profane.
Make thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for evermore to ceaſe:
Whoſe Inſolence if unchaſtis'd
will more and more encreaſe.

Glory and Praiſe let all the World
aſcribe great God to thee;
As hath been done, is now, ſtill on
to all Eternity.

PSAL. LXXVII.

A Complaint and Prayer under Sickneſs.

TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair:
In Troubles diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.

All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Midnight gave Relief:
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

I thought on God, and Favours paſt,
but that encreas'd my Pain:
I found my Spirit more oppreſs'd,
the more I did complain.
Through ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'ſt mine Eyes awake:
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh but cannot ſpeak.

I call to mind the Days of old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd:
Thoſe famous Years of ancient times
for Miracles renown'd.
By Night I recollect my Songs
on former Triumphs made:
Then ſearch, conſult, and ask my Heart
where's now thy wond'rous Aid?

Has God for ever caſt me off,
withdrawn his Favour quite?
Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
Can his long practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has he in Wrath ſhut up, and ſeal'd
his Mercies healing Spring?
I ſaid my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears disband:
Will yet remember the moſt high,
and Years of thy Right Hand.

I'll

I'll call to mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might:
On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.

Glory and Honour be aſcrib'd
to thee Great God alone:
Whoſe Power and Greatneſs ev'ry Age
with humble Fear ſhall own.

PSAL. CXI.

The Church's Prayer in Diſtreſs, encourag'd by the Conſideration of God's former Kindneſs.

O *Iſrael*'s Shepherd, *Joſeph*'s Guide,
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear,
Thou that doſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear.

Behold how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manaſſeh* join'd,
In our Deliverance the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

O thou whom Heavenly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuffering People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no return?

When hungry we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;

When dry our raging Thirſt we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.

For us the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey conteſt;
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.

Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

Thou brought'ſt a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land,
And caſting out the Heathen Race,
Did'ſt plant it with thy own right Hand,
And firmly fix it in their Place.

Before it thou prepard'ſt the Way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting Root,
Which bleſt with thy Indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.

The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem:
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
And reach to proud *Euphrates* Stream.

Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hadſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its Grapes defenceleſs grown
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.

See how the Briſtling Forreſt Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waſt.

Hark

Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſt.

PART III.

To thee O God of Hoſts we pray;
Thy wonted Goodneſs Lord renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with Pity view.

Behold the Vineyard made by thee,
Which thy Right Hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.

Crown thou thy Servants with Succeſs,
By thy Right Hand ſecur'd from Wrong,
Thy Church, O Lord, in Mercy bleſs,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

So ſhall we ſtill continue free
From whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee
We'll always praiſe thy Holy Name.

Do thou Convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
All Glory, Honour, Thanks and Praiſe,
As heretofore in Ages paſt,
Shall be beyond the End of Days.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

The Church's Addreſs to God under a General Combination and Aſſault of her Enemies.

HOld not thy Peace, O Lord, our God,
no longer ſilent be:
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee.
For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread,
And thoſe that hate thy Saints, and thee,
lift up their threatning Head.

Againſt thy zealous People Lord,
they craftily combine:
And to deſtroy thy choſen Saints
have laid their cloſe Deſign.
Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
their Nation quite deface:
That no Remembrance may remain
of *Iſrael*'s hated Race.

Thus they againſt thy People's Peace
conſult with one Conſent:
And differing Nations jointly leagu'd
their common Malice vent.
But let ſuch Vengeance them o'ertake,
as once to *Midian* came,
To *Jabin* and proud *Siſera*,
at *Kiſhon*'s fatal Stream.

When thy Right Hand their num'rous Hoſts
near *Endor* did confound;

And

And left their Carcaſſes for Dung,
to feed the hungry Ground.
Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of *Zeeb* and *Oreb* ſhare:
As *Zeba* and *Zalmunnah* ſo
let all their Princes fare.

Who with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake;
In firm Poſſeſſion for our ſelves
let us God's Houſes take.
To Ruin let them haſt like Wheels,
which downward ſwiftly move:
Like Chaff before the Winds let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.

As Flames conſume dry Wood or Heath,
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.

Lord ſhrowd their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name:
Or them confound, whoſe hardned Hearts
thy gentle means diſclaim.

So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs,
that thou who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty Throne.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Praiſe and Glory be
Aſcrib'd, as heretofore, and now,
to all Eternity.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

A Prayer to God in Diſtreſs with Expreſſions of Hope and Truſt in him.

LOrd bow thine Ear to my Requeſts,
tho' poor and in the Duſt:
O ſave my Righteous Soul, for Lord
in thee alone I truſt.
Be merciful to me, O God,
and hear my mournful Voice:
Daily my Soul to thee aſcends,
O make it to rejoice.

Thou Lord art gracious and good,
to pardon Sins enclin'd:
And all that humbly thee implore
ſhall plenteous Mercy find.
To thee I call in my Diſtreſs,
in hope thou wilt attend:
On thee with Patience wait till thou
a gracious Anſwer ſend.

Tho Heathens boaſt of other Gods,
and talk of Powers divine,
There's none that can compare with thee,
nor any Works like thine.
All the deceived Lands at length
their Maker ſhall adore:
Shall glorify thy Name, O Lord,
and Celebrate thy Pow'r.

When

When they behold how great thou art,
what Wonders thou haſt done,
Their Idols they'll diſown and ſay,
that thou art God alone.

PART II.

Lord guide my Steps that from the Way
of Truth I ne'er may err:
My looſe Affections ſo unite,
that I thy Name may fear.
With all my Soul I'll praiſe the Lord,
his Glories ever tell:
By whoſe great Goodneſs I have been
freed from the loweſt Hell.

Thou Lord art pitiful, and kind,
to puniſh Sinners ſlow:
Goodneſs and Faithfulneſs from thee
abundantly do flow.
Thy merciful regard I need,
and Strength from thee I crave:
From all deſigned Miſchiefs Lord,
thy Humble Servant ſave.

Some ſignal Mark of Favour ſhow,
which all my Foes may ſee;
And at their Malice bluſh when thou
doſt help and comfort me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
All Glory as it was, is now,
ſhall be for evermore.

PSAL. CXX.

A Complaining Addreſs to God againſt Slander and Contention.

IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
to God, who never yet deny'd
to reſcue me oppreſt with Wrongs:
Once more, O Lord, Deliverance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
and from the Rage of ſlandering Tongues.
What little Profit can accrue?
And yet what heavy Wrath is due?
O thou perfidious Tongue to thee,
Thy Sting upon thy ſelf ſhall turn,
of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
the conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.

But oh how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
in barren *Meſech*'s deſart Soil!
With *Kedar*'s wicked Tents enclos'd,
to lawleſs Salvages expos'd,
who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe,
who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
and Pleaſure take in others Harms.
Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek,
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
they ſtraight cry out, To Arms, to Arms,

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One undivided Deity,

the Glorious King of Heav'n above;
To thee great Father God of Might,
and to the Son our ſaving Light,
and to the Holy Spirit of Love:
Let the bright Angels Holy Choir
with their united Songs conſpire,
his matchleſs Glories forth to ſhow;
Let all the World through ev'ry Age
In this moſt joyful Praiſe engage,
and make a Heav'n to hear below.

PSAL. CXXIII.

An Addreſs to God under Affliction and Contempt.

Oh thou that in a Glorious Throne
art plac'd above the Skies,
To thee for Succour I direct
my Heart, and lift mine Eyes.
No Servant by his Lord chaſtis'd,
with more Submiſſion ſtands:
Nor Maids with greater Duty wait
their Miſtreſſes Commands,
Than we that juſtly undergo
the Diſcipline of God,
Wait for a merciful Releaſe
when he'll remove his Rod.
Have Mercy Lord on us, whoſe Hope
in thy Compaſſion lies:
And whom inſulting Foes do ſcorn
Lord do not thou deſpiſe.

For

For our depreſt Eſtate now gives
Advantage to their Pride:
And they that live in Wealth and Eaſe
our Miſeries deride.
All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One everliving Lord,
As at the firſt ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

PSAL. CXL.

A Prayer againſt Slander and Perſecution.

PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous intent:
And from the Sons of Violence
on open Miſchief bent.
Their ſland'ring Tongue the Serpents Sting
in Sharpneſs does exceed:
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps
and Adders Venom breed.

Preſerve me Lord from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.
The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and ſpread their wily Net:
With Traps and Gins where're I move
I find my Steps beſet.

But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
thou art my God I ſaid:
Lord hear my ſupplicating Voice,
that calls to thee for Aid.

Permit

Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns,
to anſwer their Deſire,
Leſt they encourag'd by Succeſs
to bolder Crimes aſpire.

Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell,
which bears themſelves away.
God will aſſert the Poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give:
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One great Co-equal Three,
One equal Glory, one ſame Praiſe
Now, and for ever be.

PSAL. CXLII.

An Addreſs againſt Oppreſſion.

TO God with mournful Voice
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd:
Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.
Thou didſt direct my Steps
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd:
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.

I look'd but found no Friend
to own me in Diſtreſs:
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity or Redreſs.

To

To God at laſt I pray'd,
thou Lord my Refuge art;
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life it ſelf depart.

Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to thee I make my Moan;
O ſave me from oppreſſing Foes
for me too pow'rful grown.
That I may praiſe thy Name,
my Soul from Trouble bring:
Whilſt of thy kind regard to me
aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

Glory to thee Great God,
One Good and Gracious Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now, and ever be.

Thanks-

Thanksgivings *and* Praiſes.

PSAL. XVIII.

A Thanksgiving for Deliverance from a private Perſecution.

NO Change of times ſhall ever ſhock,
My firm Affection Lord to thee;
For thou haſt always been my Rock,
A Fortreſs, and Defence to me.

Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My Truſt is in thy mighty Power,
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At Home my Safeguard, and my Tow'r.

To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
To whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe:
So ſhall I by thy watchful Care
Be guarded from my treacherous Foe.

The Lord did on my ſide engage,
From Heav'n his Throne my Cauſe upheld:
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threatning Waves that proudly ſwell'd.

God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd
My ſtrongeſt Foes attempts to break:
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
The weak Defence that I could make.

Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay:
But ſtill when other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.

Let

Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whoſe defence I reſt:
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his Salvation bleſt.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
All Honour, Glory, Pow'r and Praiſe,
Let all the willing World aſcribe,
Through all times to the End of Days.

PSAL. CXXXVIII.

For a Deliverance from any Diſtreſs or Affliction.

To Magnify the Lord my Soul,
thy beſt Affections raiſe;
Angels ſhall hear my Songs, and be
the Partners of my Praiſe.
Within thy Church thy conſtant Truth
and Goodneſs I'll proclaim:
Theſe raiſe my Wonder, and advance
the Glories of thy Name.

In my Diſtreſs to thee I cry'd,
and thou my Pray'r did'ſt hear:
Thou didſt ſupport me with thy Strength,
and with thy Comforts chear.
Kings ſhall thy promis'd Goodneſs know,
and take occaſion thence
To praiſe thy Mercy, and admire
thy Ways of Providence.

God from his high and glorious Throne
the lowly views and owns:

But

But ſcorns the Proud, and on their Height
with Indignation frowns.
Thy former Kindneſſes prevent
my Fears when in diſtreſs.
Thy Hand ſhall ſave me from my Foes,
thy Pow'r their Wrath repreſs.

Thy never failing Goodneſs will
compleat what is begun:
Oh never ſuffer thine own Work,
nor me to be undone.
All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One Ever-living Lord,
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

PSAL. XXX.

A Thanksgiving for Recovery from Sickneſs.

I'll celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
Who didſt thy Pow'r employ,
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
In my diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didſt relieve:
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.

Preſumptuouſly in Days of Health,
no ſudden Change I fear'd:
Whilſt in my Sun-ſhine of Succeſs
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.

But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my only Stay and Truſt:
For when thou hidſt thy Face I ſaw
I was but mould'ring Duſt.

Then as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſt:
And thus with ſupplicating Voice
thy Mercies Throne addreſt.
What Profit is there in my Blood,
congeal'd by Deaths cold Night?
Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe?
thy wond'rous Truth recite?

Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
thy wonted Aid extend:
Do thou ſend Help on whom alone
I can for help depend.
'Tis done, thou haſt my mournful Scene
to joyful Praiſes turn'd:
Reſtor'd me to a healthy State,
who late in Sickneſs mourn'd.

Exalted thus I'll gladly ſing,
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe:
And as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.
With Songs of Praiſe, ye Saints of his,
all to his Courts repair:
With me commemorate his Truth,
and Providential Care.

His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
his Favour no decay:
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd
with Joy's returning Day.

Glory

Glory to God the Father give,
and to the Son our Lord,
And Holy Ghoſt; One God above,
ever to be ador'd.

PSAL. CXVIII.

Another.

TO God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt:
And he releaſt me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days:
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.

When he had ſorely me chaſtis'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.
Then open wide the Temple Gates,
to which the Juſt repair:
That I may enter in and praiſe
my great Deliverer there.

Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy Holy Name:
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
O praiſe the Lord for he is Good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:

That

That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful *Iſrael* ſay.

Their Senſe of his Eternal Love,
let *Aaron*'s Houſe expreſs:
And that it never fails let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.
Let all with me give Thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs as his Love.

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One Ever-Gracious Lord,
As at the firſt ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

PSAL. CVII.

For the Wretch recovered from the Effects of his Intemperance.

LEt all give Thanks to God above,
So full of Kindneſs and of Love:
Whoſe Mercies Ages paſt have known,
And thoſe that are to come ſhall crown.

Fools to lewd Courſes wholly bent,
Prepare for their own Puniſhment:
Sickneſs, and loathſome Maladies
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe.

The Glutton's Appetite o'erthrown,
His taſtful Meats will not go down:
Nature with heavy Loads oppreſt
Beckons to Death to be releaſt.

Then

Then do theſe frighted Sinners fly
To God for Help; whoſe earneſt Cry
Mov'd a Regard to their Addreſs;
Heav'n ſav'd them out of their Diſtreſs.

No need of Medicines for their Cure,
Their Vertue's not ſo quick nor ſure:
Death's Sentence only he repeal'd,
He ſent his Word, and they were heal'd.

Let all Men praiſe his Goodneſs then,
His Wonders to the Sons of Men:
And by their grateful Sacrifice
Declare his Works and their own Joys.

Great Ever-living God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And every Age thy Glory ſing.

PSAL. XVIII.

The Soldiers Thanksgiving for Succeſs in War.

Thou ſut'ſt O Lord thy Righteous Ways
To various Paths of Human kind:
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
With Thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.

Thou to the Juſt ſhall Juſtice ſhow,
The pure thy Purity ſhall ſee:
Such as perverſely chuſe to go
Shall meet with due Returns from thee.

That he the Humble Soul will ſave,
And cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,

In

In me the Lord an inſtance gave,
Whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to light.

On his firm Succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail:
Nor fear'd when he was on my ſide,
The beſt defended Walls to ſcale.

For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed:
His Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt;
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
And on his ſure Protection reſt.

Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
But God on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who except the mighty Lord
Can with reſiſtleſs Power defend?

'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my juſt Deſigns fulfils:
Through him my Feet can ſwiftly run,
And nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.

Leſſons of War from him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield.
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
Forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

The Buckler of his ſaving Health
Protects me from aſſaulting Foes:
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill, my Wealth,
And Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.

Thro' him I numerous Hoſts defeat:
And flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
Till I a final Conqueſt make.

Cover'd with Wounds in vain they try
Their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear:
Spite of their boaſted Strength they lie
Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

God when freſh Armies take the Field
Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms:
He makes my ſtrong Oppreſſors yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

Thro' him the Necks of proſtrate Foes,
My conquering Feet in Triumph preſs:
Aided by him I root out thoſe,
Who hate and envy my Succeſs.

Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
Their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round;
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
Like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

My univerſal Safe-guard he
From whom my laſting Honours flow:
He made me great, and ſet me free
From my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heaven I'll raiſe;
And Nations Strangers to his Name
Shall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heaven and Earth adore,
Be Glory, as in Ages paſt,
Now, and henceforth for evermore.

PSAL. CVII. Part.

The Traveller's Thanksgiving upon his Arrival Home.

LET all give Thanks to God above,
So full of Kindneſs and of Love;
Whoſe Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And thoſe that are to come ſhall crown.

O let it be by them confeſt,
Whom he redeem'd when ſore oppreſt;
And made the wand'ring People come
From all the Lands to their own home.

They paſt thro Deſarts where no way
They found, nor City where to ſtay:
No Food to eaſe their Hunger's Rage,
Nor Water Springs their Thirſt t' aſſwage.

In their Diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
Who prov'd their Saviour and their Guide,
He the right Path where they ſhould go,
And place where they ſhould dwell did ſhow.

Let all Men praiſe God's Goodneſs then,
His Wonders to the Sons of Men;
Whoſe Bounty longing Souls ſupplies,
Their craving Hunger ſatisfies.

Great Ever-Gracious God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And ev'ry Age thy Glory ſing.

PSAL. CVII. Part.

The Priſoner's Thanksgiving upon his Releaſe.

LET all give Thanks to God above,
So full of Kindneſs and of Love;
Whoſe Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And thoſe that are to come ſhall crown.

Thoſe that are in dark Priſons laid,
So near to Death they're in its Shade:
On whom the Sorrows that they bear
Sit heavier than the Chains they wear.

Theſe having proudly God withſtood,
Contemn'd his Counſels for their Good;
He then reſolv'd with Pain and Smart
To quell the Stoutneſs of their Heart.

Before his Strokes they could not ſtand,
For none could raiſe them but his Hand:
Then to the Lord they're forc'd to fly,
To importune his Clemency;

Who did regard their low Addreſs,
And ſav'd them out of their Diſtreſs:
He chang'd their gloomy State to light,
And brake their Bonds in ſunder quite.

Let all Men praiſe God's Goodneſs then,
His Wonders to the Sons of Men:
His Strength that all things does ſurpaſs,
Brake Bars of Iron and Gates of Braſs.

Great Ever-living God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,

May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And every Age thy Glory ſing.

PSAL. CVII. Part.

The Husbandman's Song of Praiſe.

LET all give Thanks to God above,
So full of Kindneſs and of Love;
Whoſe Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And thoſe that are to come ſhall crown.

When he's provok'd his powerful Hand
Turns Rivers Sides to deſart Land;
Their Fruitfulneſs to barren Grounds,
When Wickedneſs therein abounds.

Dry Grounds by Springs, to ſhew his Love,
To fruitful Paſtures do improve.
Thither the Poor for Dwellings flow,
Which after to a City grow.

They ſow the Fields, and Vineyards plant,
Whoſe Fruits ſupply their growing want.
Their Race ſprings faſt from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth encreaſes with their Flocks,

By Heaven bleſt: But when they ſin,
They're puniſh'd and brought low again.
Ev'n Princes are expos'd to Scorn,
And wander in a State forlorn.

But he exalts the Poor on high,
And ſpreads their numerous Family:
The Juſt with Gladneſs this ſhall ſee,
And Wickedneſs ſhall ſilent be.

How

How few, alas, with Care record
Theſe wond'rous Dealings of the Lord!
All wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find,
That God is infinitely kind.

Great Ever-gracious God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And ev'ry Age thy Glory ſing.

PSAL. XCIII.

The Seaman's Song of Praiſe.

With Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.

How ſurely ſtabliſht is thy Throne!
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all Eternity.

The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toſs their troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
And make the angry Seas comply.

Thy Promiſe Lord is ever ſure,
And they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

Glory to thee, great God alone,
Three Perſons in One Deity;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now, and ſtill for ever be.

Another.

PSAL: CIV. Part.

GReat God how various are thy Works,
all made with wond'rous Skill!
Thy Bleſſings Lord enrich the Earth,
and the Sea's ſpacious Boſom fill.
There go the Ships, and there do move
Fiſhes of different Size;
There great Leviathan does play,
and Man's Attempts deſpiſe.

Theſe all wait to receive thine Alms
of ſeaſonable Food:
They gather what thine Hand beſtows,
and all are fill'd with Good.
Whilſt this World's Frame and Order laſts,
God's Fame will ne'er be leſs;
And what his Wiſdom made ſo good,
will ſtill delight to bleſs.

My Life's great Buſineſs ſhall be this,
to praiſe this mighty Lord;
To meditate his Love and Works
the ſweeteſt Joys afford.
Whilſt Sinners from the Earth conſume,
no Place regards them more:
Bleſs thou the Lord my Soul; His Name
let Heaven and Earth adore.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided Three,
One equal Glory, One ſame Praiſe,
now and for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CVII. Part.

A Thanksgiving after a Storm.

LET all give Thanks to God above,
So full of Kindneſs and of Love;
Whoſe Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And thoſe to come ſhall ſurely crown.

They whom the Ships on th' Ocean bear,
Do ſee God's Works and Wonders there;
For at his Word fierce Tempeſts riſe,
And lift its Waves unto the Skies.

One while they mount to Heaven aloft,
They ſink into the deep as oft;
The Paſſengers ſtrange Terrors feel,
Like Drunkards to and fro they reel.

Loſt to all Hope, to God they cry
For Help in their Extremity:
He lends an Ear to their Addreſs,
And brings them out of this diſtreſs.

For at his Beck the Storms aſſwage,
The furious Waves depoſe their Rage;
They welcome now the Calm, and ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.

Let all Men praiſe God's Goodneſs the
His Wonders to the Sons of Men;
Nor only private Off'rings bring,
But in the Church his Glories ſing.

Great Ever-Gracious God to thee,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three;
May evermore due Praiſe be giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

PSAL. LXVI.

A Thanksgiving for Deliverance after a Storm at Sea or Land.

LET all the Earth with joyful Sound,
to God their Voices raiſe;
Extoll him in their Songs, and make
him glorious by their Praiſe.
Proclaim the mighty Works in which
ſuch Terror does appear;
As makes his Foes to crouch, and feign
Obedience thro' their Fear.

Ev'n all the Earth ſhall worſhip thee,
and ſing unto thy Name;
To ſee the Wonders thou haſt wrought,
to raiſe and ſpread thy Fame.
He turn'd the Sea into dry Land;
the ſwelling Flood made way
For *Iſrael* to paſs, who there
his Glories did diſplay.

He views the Nations, and his Rule
does o'er the World extend;
Then let not Men rebel, for Pride
will in their Ruin end.
Let all the People bleſs the Lord,
and loudly ſing thy Praiſe;
Thou great Preſerver of our Lives,
and Guide of all our ways.

PART II.

I'll go into thine Houſe, O Lord,
and thankful Off'rings lay
Before thy Altar; and the Vows
I made in Trouble pay.
To Honour him from whom all Good
does come I'll ſpare no Coſt.
I'll offer what he does require,
and what will pleaſe him moſt.

You that are pious come and hear
what God for me has done;
His Mercies ſhow'd to me will be
for your Inſtruction.
When I, with Grief oppreſs'd, to him
my fervent Cries did raiſe;
He heard me graciouſly, and turn'd
my Sighing into Praiſe.

God will not favour me, if I
Iniquity regard:
But he enclin'd his Ear to me,
and my Petitions heard.
O let the glorious Name of God
be ever magnified:
Who neither did reject my Pray'r,
nor his own Grace deny'd.

All Glory to the Living God,
One Ever-gracious Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

PSAL. CXVI.

The Woman's Thanksgiving for ſafe Deliverance in Child-bearing.

SInce God ſo tender a Regard
To all my poor Requeſts did give,
My beſt Affections he ſhall have,
And beſt Devotions whilſt I live.

Aſſail'd with Grief and Pains that ſeem'd
The ſad Fore-runners of the Grave;
To thee I made Requeſt, O Lord,
My Life from threatning Danger ſave.

Nor did I cry to God in vain,
Nor did his Mercy come too late;
But when my Skill was at a loſs,
His Kindneſs rais'd my low Eſtate.

God and thy ſelf my Soul enjoy
In quiet reſt, freed from thy Fears;
Who ſav'd thy Life, upheld thy Steps,
And dried up all thy falling Tears.

I ſtill ſhall live, and praiſe thy Name,
Thus did I ſpeak, and thus believ'd;
Tho' in diſtreſs I raſhly ſaid,
All Men will lie, and I'm deceiv'd.

What ſhall I render to the Lord,
For all the Kindneſs he has done?
I'll humbly offer him my Praiſe,
And thankfully his Favours own.

The ſolemn Payment of the Vows
I made to God ſhall be my Care;
Who ſav'd me from approaching Death,
And ſhew'd my Life to him was dear.

By all Engagements Lord I'm thine,
Thy Servant whom thou haſt ſet free;
The very Bonds which thou haſt loos'd
Shall tie me faſter unto thee.

Glory and Honour, Pow'r and Praiſe,
To thee great God in Perſons three;
As it has been in Ages paſt,
May now, henceforth, and ever be.

PSAL. XXV.

The Young Man's Song:

TO God I make my Prayer,
in him my Truſt repoſe;
O let me not become a Scorn,
or Triumph to my Foes.
Let no Events deject
their Souls that wait on thee;
Let Diſappointment Shame their Hopes
that deal perfidiouſly.

The Ways thou Lord doſt chuſe,
make me to know aright:
And teach me always to perform
what's pleaſing in thy ſight.
From the ſtrait Paths of Truth
ne'er let me go aſtray:
From thee my Saviour I beg
Direction every Day.

Lord

Lord call to mind thy Love
ever of old expreſt;
How graciouſly thou haſt reliev'd
thy Servants when diſtreſs'd.
Into my youthful Sins
no ſtrict Enquiry make;
Thoſe early Faults, O Lord, forgive
for thine own Goodneſs Sake.

PART II.

God who is good and juſt,
will erring Souls inſtruct;
Their wand'ring Steps to the ſafe Paths
of Vertue will conduct.
The humble Souls he'll guide,
and teach the meek his Way:
Kindneſs and Truth expreſs to ſuch
as his juſt Laws obey.

Incourag'd by thy Grace
for Mercy I entreat;
Pardon my Sins, O Lord, that are
both numerous and great.
Who is that happy Man
that fears the Lord above?
He'll ever lead him in the Ways
that he himſelf doth love.

Poſſeſt with quiet Thoughts
his Soul ſhall dwell at Eaſe;
His Seed ſhall after him enjoy
Proſperity and Peace.

The Secrets of his Love
God will make known to thoſe
That fear him; and the Bleſſings he
reſerves, to them diſcloſe.

Glory to thee, good Lord,
One Co-eternal Three;
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now, and ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXIX. Part.

BLeſt is the Man, whoſe blameleſs Life
the Law of God directs;
Who keeps his Precepts, and whoſe Heart
to ſerve the Lord affects.
They never wilfully tranſgreſs,
who to theſe Paths repair;
Thou Lord haſt charged us to keep
all thy Commands with Care.

Oh by thy Grace ſo guide my Ways
never from thine to ſwerve.
Nothing ſhall Shame my Confidence,
whilſt I thy Laws obſerve.
I'll praiſe thee better when I'm more
inſtructed in thy Fear;
To ſerve thee I reſolve, O give
me Grace to perſevere.

But how ſhall Youth ſo prone to Vice,
govern their Manners, Lord?
By heedful liſtning to the wiſe
Directions of thy Word. Sin-

Sincerely I have beg'd thy Grace,
O keep me cloſe to thee;
I've treaſur'd up thy Word that I
might not a Sinner be.

Open mine Eyes that I may ſee
the Wonders of thy Law;
Who in my Pilgrimage from thence
muſt Light and Comfort draw.
Lord give me a diſcerning Mind
and Knowledge of thy Will;
Then what thy ſacred Law enjoins,
I'll heartily fulfill.

Incline my Heart to thy Commands,
whilſt others Riches prize:
From the vain Pleaſures of the World
Lord turn away mine Eyes.
Thy Hands have made and faſhion'd me,
with Wiſdom me endue;
And by the Knowledge of thy Laws
Lord form my Soul anew.

Order my goings in thy Word,
and my Director be;
Then no Iniquity ſhall gain
Dominion over me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Perſons Three,
I'll then ſing Praiſes whilſt I live,
and to Eternity.

PSAL. LXXI.

The Old Man's Song.

MY Soul on God relies,
Let none diſgrace my Truſt:
Lord hear and ſave me when I call,
as thou art good and juſt.
Be thou my ſure Defence,
whereto I may reſort:
Thou from my Youth, O Lord, haſt been
my Hope, my Rock, and Fort.

Thou took'ſt me from the Womb
when my firſt Breath I drew;
Thou haſt ſuſtain'd me ever ſince,
all Praiſe to thee is due.
Lord when my Strength decays,
and when my Years decline;
Do not forſake nor caſt me off,
but own me ſtill for thine.

In thee I'll place my Hopes,
thee with more Praiſes crown;
Thy Truth and Mercies I'll proclaim,
whoſe Meaſures are unknown.
To no Supports I'll fly,
but to the Strength Divine;
No other Goodneſs ſhall be nam'd,
or Faithfulneſs but thine.

Theſe from my Youth I've learnt,
and hitherto declar'd
Thy wond'rous Works; forſake me not
now when I am gray-hair'd.

Till

Till I have further ſhown
thy Power, and taught thy Fear,
Both to the preſent Age, and thoſe
that after ſhall appear.

Then to proclaim thy Truth,
I'll all my Power raiſe:
And to improve my Songs will add
ſweet Inſtruments of Praiſe.
My chearful Tongue and Lips
ſhall loudly bear a part.
In praiſing thee, when ſet on work
by a moſt thankful Heart.

This ſhall be my great Work
to celebrate thy Fame:
Who haſt redeemed me, and brought
mine Enemies to Shame.
Glory to thee great God,
One Co-eternal Three,
As at the firſt beginning was,
may now and ever be.

PSAL. CXXVII.

The Bridegroom's Song. Proper alſo for the Anniverſary of a Wedding Day.

WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
the Lord the Pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the Lord the City keep
the Watchman wakes in vain.
In vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to reſt repair;
Allow no reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.

Sup-

Supplies of Life with eaſe to them
he on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labours with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.
Children thoſe Comforts of our Life
are Preſents from the Lord;
He gives a numerous Race of Heirs
as Piety's Reward.

As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to war,
Even ſo the Sons of ſprightly Youth
their Parents Safe-guards are.
Happy the Man whoſe Quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe
at Law, or Wars Alarms.

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One Ever-living Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Another.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

BLeſt is the Man whoſe Fear of God
is by Obedience ſhown:
Plenty thy Labours ſhall reward,
and good Succeſs ſhall crown.
Thy fruitful Wife like a fair Vine
with Cluſters ſhall abound:
Whoſe Children like green Olive Plants
thy Table ſhall ſurround. Such

Such Bleſſings to thy Houſe ſhall fall,
when God's thy chiefeſt Fear;
Thou in the publick Joy and Good
ſhalt have the greateſt Share.
A numerous Race from thee deriv'd
thy lengthen'd Age ſhall ſee;
And the great Wiſh of all good Men
the Land's Proſperity.

Glory and Honour, Power and Praiſe,
to God alone be given;
By all on Earth through every Age,
and all the Bleſt in Heaven.

PSAL. CXLVI.

The Widow's and the Orphan's Song.

MY Soul to praiſe the higheſt Lord
thy beſt Affections raiſe:
For whilſt I live my God ſhall be
the Subject of my Praiſe.
Vain are our Hopes from mighty Kings,
whoſe Glories at their Death
Sink to the Grave, and all their Thoughts
do vaniſh with their Breath.

Happy is he who in that God
that made the World does truſt:
Which World may ſooner fail than he
ceaſe to be good and juſt.
He rights the injur'd, and defends
the good Man's Cauſe oppreſs'd;
He feeds the hungry, and by him
the Priſoners are releaſt.

He

He cures the blind, and Sorrow from
dejected Souls removes;
And by his ſpecial Care protects
the Righteous whom he loves.
Strangers and Widows he preſerves,
he does the Orphans own;
As for the wicked's proſperous State
he turns it upſide down.

This mighty King ſhall ever reign,
as he does ever live:
Let all the World he rules to him
Eternal Praiſes give.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
Be Praiſe and Glory as it was,
and is, for evermore.

PSAL. LXXXII.

The Judge's Song.

GOD in the great Aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial Eye
In State ſurveys the Earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.
How dare ye then unjuſtly judge
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans, and the Poor;
let ſuch your Juſtice find.

Protect the humble helpleſs Man
reduc'd to deep diſtreſs;
And let not him become a Prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.

If

If they will neither know, nor learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Till Truth and Juſtice through the Land
do by their Fault decay;
Well then may God in Anger ſay,
I've call'd ye by my Name,
Said ye are Gods, and all ally'd
to the moſt High in Fame:
But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
to ſtrict Account I'll call;
Ye all ſhall die like common Men;
like other Tyrants fall.

Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy Righteous Sway.
To thee great God, to thee alone,
One God in Perſons Three,
All Glory, Honour, Praiſe, and Love,
now and for ever be.

PSAL. CXXXIV.

The Prieſt's Song.

YE Servants of th' Eternal King,
Who early at his Temple wait,
And there your late Attendance give,
See that his Name ye celebrate.
And as that Holy Place requires,
Pure Hands in your Devotion raiſe:

To all your other Offerings join,
the grateful Sacrifice of Praiſe.

God the great Maker of the World,
As great in Goodneſs as in Power,
Give gracious Anſwers to our Pray'rs,
And bleſs his People every Hour.

Glory to this great God alone,
Three Perſons in One Deity,
As it has been in Ages paſt,
May now and ſtill for ever be.

Another.

PSAL. CXXXV.

O Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
and magnify his Name:
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praiſe proclaim.
Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe
attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe who to the utmoſt Courts
with humble Zeal repair.

For this our trueſt Intereſt is,
glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
a moſt delightful thing.
For God his own peculiar Choice
The Sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Iſrael*'s Offspring for his own
moſt valued Treaſure takes.

That

That God is great we often have
by glad Experience found;
And ſeen how he with wond'rous Power
above all Gods is crown'd.
For he with unreſiſted Strength
performs his ſovereign Will,
In Heav'n, and Earth, and watry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſt;
Sihon, and *Og*, and all beſides,
who *Canaan*'s Land poſſeſt.
Their Land upon his choſen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.

Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Iſrael* pay;
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.
Their Senſe of his unbounded Love
let *Levi*'s Houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord
his Name for ever bleſs.

Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in *Sion*'s Courts proclaim;
Let them in *Salem* where he dwells
exalt his Holy Name.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Honour, Thanks, and Praiſe,
Let all his People and his Prieſts
gladly aſcribe always.

The

The ſame in another Metre.

YE Servants of the Lord,
That Heaven and Earth did frame;
Who at his Altars wait,
Praiſe ye his glorious Name.
His Goodneſs doth
To this invite;
His Praiſe will give
the beſt Delight.

In him all Glories meet;
His Greatneſs knows no Bound;
What other Gods do claim
In him is only found.
Who as at firſt
He all things made,
Still rules o'er all
By all obey'd.

All things in Heaven above
Are ſubject to his Will;
The Earth and Seas below
His Pleaſure do fulfil.
At his Command,
From the World's End,
Vapours to frame
The Clouds aſcend.

Lightnings from thence burſt out,
And Rains are poured down;
He brings his boiſterous Winds
From Treaſuries unknown.

All

All the Firſt-born
of *Egypt*'s Land,
He ſlew at once
with vengeful Hand.

He direful Wonders ſhow'd
Through ſtubborn *Egypt*'s Coaſts;
Nor could their King eſcape
His Plagues with all his Hoſts.
He Nations ſtrong
And Kings ſuppreſt;
Who *Canaan*'s Land
had long poſſeſt.

Upon his choſen Race
Their Land he did entail;
For which his glorious Fame,
And Praiſe ſhall never fail.
His People's Foes
His Wrath ſhall feel;
But they partake
His Favour ſtill.

Their juſt Returns of Thanks
Let grateful *Iſrael* pay;
And let not *Aaron*'s Race
To bleſs the Lord delay.
Their Senſe of his
unbounded Love,
Let *Levi*'s Houſe
In Praiſes prove.

Let all that fear the Lord,
His Name for ever bleſs;
With Thanks his wond'rous Works
In *Sion*'s Courts expreſs.

In

In *Salem* where
He dwells proclaim
His Glories, and
Exalt his Name.

To thee great God alone
All Worſhip be addreſt;
Eternal Three in One,
Thy Praiſe in Songs expreſt:
As it has been
In Ages gone;
Be now, henceforth
and ever done.

PSAL. CXLIX.

The Church's Song of Triumph over her defeated Enemies.

PRaiſe God each Day in new made Songs,
As he freſh Favours daily grants;
Publiſh your Joys by Hymns of Praiſe
In glad Aſſemblies of his Saints

Let thankful *Iſrael* rejoice,
Since his peculiar People made;
And *Sion*'s Children whom he rules,
As their Great King in this be glad.

Let them in Dances ſtill expreſs
The inward Motions of their Joy;
And Harps and Timbrels to improve,
The Muſick of their Songs employ.

God's Kindneſs to his People will
Engage his Care them to advance;

The meek he'll beautify and make
Them great by his Deliverance.

As is the Glory of his Saints
Their Triumphs ſhould be Great and High;
And God's loud Praiſes will become
The Beds on which they quiet lie.

Their Mouths with Pſalms and Praiſes fill'd,
Their Hands with a two-edged Sword,
They ſhall not fail ſucceſsfully
To fight the Battles of the Lord.

By him they ſhall with juſt Revenge
The Heathen's Inſolence chaſtiſe;
Their Nobles fetter'd Captives lead;
While Kings in Chains become their Prize.

Such Judgments long ago foretold
Shall God upon the Heathen bring;
Such Honour too his Saints ſhall have,
And joyful Hallelujahs ſing.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
All Honour, Glory, Pow'r, and Praiſe,
Let all his joyful Saints aſcribe
Now, and beyond the end of Days.

PSAL. CXLVIII.

A Hymn of Praiſe for all Sorts and Conditions of Men.

TO laud the Heavenly King,
Let all their Voices raiſe;
Ye Angels firſt begin
The great Creator's Praiſe;

Let Sun and Moon,
And ev'ry Star,
His Glory ſhow,
That's brighter far.

Ye Regions of the Air,
And wat'ry Clouds that move
Within the liquid Sky,
Praiſe ye the Lord above.
Whoſe pow'rful Word
Made you to be;
And fix'd your Bounds
by his Decree.

All that the Earth does bear,
Whales in the Deep conceal'd,
Lightnings and Hail and Snow,
Vapours to Ice congeal'd:
The ſtormy Winds
rais'd his Will,
Which at his Word
are calm'd and ſtill.

Praiſe him ye Mountains high,
And Hills that lower are:
Cedars with lofty Heads,
And Trees that Fruit do bear.
Beaſts that in Fields,
or Paſtures lie;
Both creeping things,
and Fowls that fly.

Ye Kings that Scepters Sway,
People of meaner Birth,
Princes that rule the World,
And Judges of the Earth.

Let ev'ry Sex,
and ev'ry Age,
To praiſe the Name
of God engage.

His Glories all that ſhines
In Heav'n or Earth excell;
He ſpecial Mercy ſhow'd
His People *Iſrael.*
A People dear,
And highly rais'd,
His Holy Name
be ever prais'd.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſt;
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſt.
As it has been
In Ages gone,
May now, and ſtill
be ever done.

Another.

PSAL. CL.

PRaiſe God within that ſacred Place
where he his Grace beſtows;
Your wond'ring Thoughts to Heaven raiſe,
where he his Glory ſhows.
Let all his mighty Acts of Power
your inward Paſſions move;
That your Acknowledgments may ſuit
the Greatneſs of his Love.

Mu-

Muſick's ſoft Notes, and louder Sounds
of Inſtruments employ;
To raiſe Devotion, and attend
the Triumphs of your Joy.
Since all to the Creator owe
that Breath by which they live,
Let ev'ry thing that breaths to him
their chearful Praiſes give.

Praiſe to the glorious Three in One
moſt gladly render'd be,
Thro' all the Parts of time, and ſtill
to all Eternity.

Devout Aſpirations

Upon Various

OCCASIONS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Devout Aſpirations, &c.

At awaking in the Morning.

GOD in the Morn my Voice ſhall hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To him devoutly I'll look up,
to him devoutly pray.

Guarded by him I laid me down,
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
And thro' him have ſecurely ſlept,
thro' him in Safety wake.

Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.

At our Up-riſing.

LORD when I have to do with thee,
In vain I ſeek to be conceal'd:
Thou knowſt me perfectly, to thee
My very Thoughts are all reveal'd.

Both when I ſit, and when I riſe,
My walking and my lying down;
To thee my Works, and all my Words
Better than to my ſelf are known.

On ev'ry ſide within the reach
Of thine encircling Arm I lie;
Whoſe Force I neither can reſiſt,
Nor 'ſcape the Notice of thine Eye.

Search me; and if thou ſeeſt that I
Unwillingly have done amiſs,
Correct my Errors, and reduce
My Wand'rings to the ways of Bliſs.

At the Sun's firſt Appearance.

THE Heav'ns whoſe beauteous Face we ſee
God's Skill and Pow'r proclaim;
The Laws by which each Day ſucceeds
the Night declare the ſame.

The Sun has there a glorious Tent;
no Bridegroom ſhows his Face
So chearful, nor no Champion runs
with ſo much Strength his Race.

Forth from the Eaſtern Coaſt he bends
his courſe unto the Weſt;
All Earth rejoices at his Light,
and with his Heat is bleſt.

God's Law's a perfect Rule of Life,
our Errors this deſcries:
Sinners to Goodneſs this converts,
and makes the ſimple wiſe.

Another at the Appearance of the Sun or Moon.

GIve Thanks unto the Lord,
Who is ſo kind and good;
Whoſe Mercies firmly laſt,
As they have ever ſtood.
To this great King
All Gods do bow,
Angels above,
And Pow'rs below.
His Works our Wonder raiſe,
The Heav'ns his Wiſdom made;
And he th' outſtretched Earth
Above the Waters laid.
He made the Sun,
The Day's great Light;
The Moon and Stars
To rule the Night.

When we Waſh.

LORD waſh away my Crimes, for thou
alone canſt make me clean;
I do confeſs my Guilt, aſham'd
to think how vile I've been.
Shew thou art reconcil'd, as thoſe
whom Hyſſop ſprinkles, know
They are abſolv'd, thy Grace can waſh,
and make me white as Snow.

When Dreſſing.

ENvy not him that's glorious here,
or Rich, for when he dies
Naked he goes away, and ſtript
of all his Glory lies.

How weak alas we are! when God
for Sin does Man chaſtiſe;
Like Garments fretted by a Moth
his Beauty ruin'd lies.

Man that is honour'd here, and with
true Wiſdom is not bleſt,
Tho' pleas'd with flattering Hopes ſhall die,
and periſh like a Beaſt.

From thoſe vain Objects turn mine Eyes
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.

To me who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The Heav'nly Underſtanding give,
to learn thy juſt Commands.

At our firſt going out.

THou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfill.

O then that thy moſt Holy Will
might o'er my Ways preſide;
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy direction guide.

Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy Righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them through all my Life
will never go aſtray.

When we enter into Company.

FRom haſty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a conſtant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips
with wary Silence barr'd.

From wicked Mens Deſigns and Deeds
my Heart and Hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Bounty ſhare
of their unrighteous Gain.

Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think them kind;
Like Balms that heals a wounded Head
I their Reproof ſhall find.

And in return my fervent Prayer
I ſhall for them addreſs;
When they are tempted or reduc'd
to any ſore Diſtreſs.

Another.

Another.

BLeſt is the Man whoſe vertuous Steps
No wicked Counſels lead aſide;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits
Where God and Goodneſs Men deride.

Tho' Sinners here may paſs for Saints,
And vile Hypocriſy for Grace,
Their Guilt when judg'd will find no Plea,
Nor they among the Juſt a Place.

God will reward the Juſt Mens Works,
As he approves the Ways they tread;
But the ſmooth Paths of Sinners down
To Death and to Damnation lead.

When we return Home.

HE that has God for his Retreat
Has gain'd a ſafe and quiet Seat;
For God's o'erſpreading Providence
Will like a Shade be his Defence.

To him as to my Fort I'll fly,
On him my pow'rful God rely;
His Care like Wings ſhall Safety yield,
His faithful Promiſe be my Shield.

So that no Dangers of the Night
Shall ſeize me with a ſudden Fright.
No Evil ſhall my Joys moleſt,
Nor plague my Dwelling ſhall infeſt.

Thy Mercy Lord to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
Then with my Heart my Voice I'll raiſe
To thee my God in Songs of Praiſe.

A-

Againſt all Wicked Thoughts.

MIne inmoſt Thoughts I offer, Lord,
to thine impartial Eye;
O try my Heart, leſt any Sin
ſhould there concealed lie.

Create in me, O Lord, a Heart
unſpotted in thy Sight;
Renew in me a Mind unmov'd
from Goodneſs, and upright.

My Thoughts and Actions I'll preſerve,
free from Impurity;
And then th' Oblations I preſent
ſhall acceptable be.

When we hear or ſee any Wickedneſs.

'TIS time, O Lord, for thee to work,
thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
thy ſacred Law deſtroy.

Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
but makes their Value riſe
In my Eſteem; who pureſt Gold
compar'd with them deſpiſe.

The bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
thy Covenant they tranſgreſt.

Yet while they ſlight, conſider Lord
how I thy Precepts love:
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from above.

Directed by thy Heavenly Word
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

What Man alas obſerves how oft
he does from Vertue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that knoweſt them all.

And Lord let not preſumptuous Sins
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.

At the Sight of a Funeral.

WHat Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave that muſt Mankind entomb?

Lord teach me when my latter end,
And number of my Days I view,
To meaſure right my ſelf and them:
How I am frail, and they are few.

My Days extent is but a Span,
Mine Age is nothing unto thee;
Man in his flouriſhing Eſtate
Is altogether Vanity.

Lord

Lord my decaying Strength repair,
And ſpare me yet a while that I
May make my Peace with thee before
I go away from hence and die.

When entring into Church.

MY Soul's beſt Powers I will engage,
and with Affection join,
In thoſe Aſſemblies where the Saints
to praiſe the Lord combine.

I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure,
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome ſhall ſecure.

Oh happy Men that may frequent
thy Houſe to praiſe thee ſtill;
Whoſe Truſt is in thine Aid, whoſe Heart
devout Affections fill.

A thouſand joyous Days elſewhere
yield me not ſuch Content,
As one Days Freedom at thy Houſe,
and in thy Service ſpent.

When we firſt kneel there.

INſtead of Offerings let my Pray'r
like Morning Incenſe riſe:
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place
of Evening Sacrifice.

Lord

Lord let my Prayers and Praiſes be
with thy Acceptance bleſt;
And I ſecure of thy Defence
my Strength and Saviour reſt.

Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy Righteous Ways diſplay;
And I from them through all my Life
will never go aſtray.

Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
encline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.

From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Power and Strength
to keep thy Righteous Ways.

When going out of the Church.

THY Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
thy Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-Light to point out the Path
in which I ought to go.

I ſware, and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide,
That in thy Righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice.

My

My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey.
And till my Courſe of Life be done,
ſhall keep thy upright way.

When we hear a Clock ſtrike.

SO teach me the uncertain Sum
of my ſhort Days to mind,
That I with all my Heart may to
true Wiſdom be enclin'd.

To ſatisfy and chear my Soul,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That I may all my Days to come
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.

When we look on a Sun-Dial.

MY Days like the declining Shades
make haſt and fly away:
As Flowers before the ſcorching Sun
they periſh and decay.

Lord take me not away before
my better Days be paſt;
Thy undeclining Years beyond
all Generations laſt.

Another.

MY Days extent is but a Span,
Mine Age is nothing unto thee;
Man in his flouriſhing Eſtate,
Is altogether Vanity.

A Shadow's all that he purſues,
But his Vexations real are;
He heaps up Wealth, and knows not who
Shall reap the Profit of his Care.

The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

When it Rains.

O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame,
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his Holy Name.

He as a Tent the Heav'ns extends,
whoſe Rooms on Waters ſtay;
Clouds are his Chariot, and the Winds
wing'd Wheels mete out his way.

He from the Hills by ſecret Veins
makes cryſtal Springs to burſt;
The water'd Vallies give all Beaſts
Drink to allay their Thirſt.

Nor can the higher Grounds, which gape
for Thirſt, ſay they're forgot:
Clouds big with Show'rs on them diſtill,
and water ev'ry Plot.

By his Command, th' enriched Earth
does Food for all produce:
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
and Herbs for Humane uſe.

Rich

Rich Wine that chears Man's Heart, and Oyl
that makes his Face look bright,
Bread the Support of Life; all ſerve
our Needs or our Delight.

When we ſtand on a Proſpect.

OH thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Through all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

To celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſtning World thy Works
moſt wonderful declare.

God on the Sons of Men looks down,
from his Celeſtial Throne,
Views all the Dwellers on the Earth
from his bright Manſion.

He made them equally, their Hearts
he faſhion'd one by one;
More clearly all their Thoughts to him
than to themſelves are known.

The Lord on thoſe that fear his Name
looks with a gracious Eye;
And ne'er will fail their Hopes that on
his Goodneſs do rely.

When we hear of any that has gotten Preferment.

BEar not your ſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs diſdain.

For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt, nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.

For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and Sovereign Judge alone;
Who caſts to Earth the proud, and lifts
the humble to a Throne.

Vain are our Hopes from mighty Kings,
whoſe Glories at their Death
Sink to the Grave, and all their Thoughts
do vaniſh with their Breath.

Happy is he who in that God
that made the World does truſt;
Which World may ſooner fail than he
ceaſe to be good and juſt.

This mighty King ſhall ever reign,
as he does ever live;
Let all the World he rules, to him
Eternal Praiſes give.

Another

Another.

GOD does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my Fortreſs and Defence,
On him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.

In him ye People always truſt,
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God the merciful, and juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

The vulgar fickle are and frail,
The great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in Truth's impartial Scale
The higheſt things will both outweigh.

But God has oft his Will expreſt,
And I this Truth have fully known,
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſt
Belongs of right to God alone.

Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight:
Yet he will all the Human Race
According to their Works requite.

When Doubts ariſe concerning God's Mercy.

EARly, O Lord, my fainting Soul
thy Mercy does implore;
No Traveller in deſart Lands
can Thirſt for Water more.

With

With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.

On me devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to ſhine:
Thy Statutes both to know and keep
my Heart with Zeal incline.
I'll nee'r ceaſe asking till my Soul
ſhall thy Refreſhments gain;
Thy Mercy which I gaſp for more
than thirſty Ground for Rain.

My Spirits ſink while thou delay'ſt
th' Aſſiſtance I would have;
If God ſtill frown on my Requeſts,
'twill ſink me to the Grave.

The Night is witneſs of my Tears,
as well as Truſt in thee;
O let the joyful Morning tell
thy Kindneſs towards me.

The Lord is kind, and Goodneſs is
his Nature and Delight;
Slow is his Wrath, and tho' he chides
would not deſtroy us quite.

His Anger in its Riſe, and ſtay
from Juſtice never ſwerves;
And when he puniſhes our Faults,
'tis leſs than Sin deſerves.

As Heav'n does far exceed the Earth,
ſo his rewards our Love;
Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt
he does our Sins remove.

A Father's Pity to his Child
than God's is leſſer far;
For he conſiders our weak Frame,
and knows but Duſt we are:

Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who thee adore,
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.

Revive my drooping Soul, thy Name
and Honour to advance;
Thy Faithfulneſs will brightly ſhine
in my Deliverance.

When we ſee a Miniſter.

THE Lord his Statutes and Decrees
to *Jacob*'s Sons hath ſhown;
And ſtill to *Iſrael*'s choſen Seed
his Righteous Laws are known.

No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.

Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Iſrael* pay;
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.

To Day let's hear his Voice, and not
ſuch hardned Sinners prove,
As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
provoked God above.

He did their Unbelief and baſe
Ingratitude deteſt:
And in his Anger ſware they ſhould
not come into his Reſt.

When we hear of any Good Man wrong'd or oppreſt.

THE Lord that guides a good Man's Steps
delighteth in his way;
He is not ruin'd by his Falls,
God's Pow'r will be his ſtay.
Tho' ſland'rous Tongues ſhould like a Cloud
his Righteouſneſs obſcure,
He'll clear his Innocence, the Light
ſhall not appear more pure.
God loves the Righteous, and on them
he caſts a gracious Eye;
His Ear's attentive to their Sutes,
and open to their Cry.
Nor do they cry in vain, wiſh'd Help
and Eaſe their Troubles have:
God will draw nigh to broken Hearts,
and contrite Spirits ſave.
Tho' Good Men oft afflicted are,
at length God ſets them free;
His Care does to their Bodies reach,
no Bones ſhall broken be.
Bad Men ſhall periſh when they're plagu'd,
with all that hate the juſt;
Whom God will keep, and never fail
their Hopes that on him truſt.

When

When ſad or melancholy.

TO my Petitions, Lord, return
an Anſwer full of Grace:
Thy Face thou bad'ſt me ſeek, and I
reſolve to ſeek thy Face.

Lord do not in Diſpleaſure hide
thy Face, nor me reject:
Thoſe Succours I have had before
from thee I ſtill expect.

Be merciful to me, O God,
and hear my mournful Voice;
Daily my Soul to thee aſcends,
O make it to rejoice.

Thou Lord art gracious and good,
to pardon Sins inclin'd:
And all that humbly thee implore
ſhall plenteous Mercy find.

To thee I pray in my Diſtreſs,
in hope thou wilt attend:
On thee with Patience wait till thou
a gracious Anſwer ſend.

Some ſignal Mark of Favour ſhow,
which all my Foes may ſee.
And at their Malice bluſh, when thou
doſt help and comfort me.

Lord hear the Pray'rs and mournful Cries
of mine afflicted State;
And with thy Comforts chear my Soul
before it be too late.

To thee I humbly look, on me
with Favour Lord look down;
And bleſs me with the ſaving Grace
afforded to thine own.

That I the preſent Happineſs
of thine Elect may ſhare;
And may hereafter ſing thy Praiſe
in Joys that endleſs are.

When we hear of any one dead.

BE gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend;
That I according to thy Word
my future time may ſpend.

Open mine Eyes that I may ſee
the Wonders of thy Law:
Who in my Pilgrimage from thence
muſt Light and Comfort draw.

They who in Death and Silence ſleep,
to thee no Praiſe afford:
But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

Againſt the Fears of Want for our ſelves or our Children.

HE's wiſe that's doing good, and on
God's Goodneſs does rely;
Thus thy Enjoyments he'll ſecure,
thy juſt Deſires ſupply.

Leave

Leave thy Concerns to him; in firm
Dependance on him live:
He'll either grant what thou wouldſt have,
or what is better give.

In all my Life I never yet
that liberal Man could ſee,
Whoſe Alms expos'd himſelf to Want,
or Race to Beggery.

He mercifully lends, and thus
his Seed a Bleſſing gain:
If thou wouldſt then be bleſt, do Good,
and from all Sin abſtain.

'Tis God who thoſe that truſt in him,
beholds with gracious Eyes;
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want
in time of Dearth ſupplies.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh,
on thee alone depend.

Fear him ye Saints, and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his Service, your Delight,
your Wants ſhall be his Care.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him;
and ſee their need ſupplied.

The Lord from Heaven beholds the Juſt,
with favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſt his Gracious Ear
is open to their Cries.

The wicked from their wicked Arts
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt Righteous Men whom they diſtaſte
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.

For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend;
To them and their Poſterity
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

The Earth's the Lords, to him belong
all Creatures it contains:
His gracious Care to all the World
extends o'er which he reigns.

All Creatures do expect from him
Supplies of daily Food:
His open handed Bounty fills
all their Deſires with Good.

God's Goodneſs and Fidelity
in all his ways appear:
He gives kind Anſwers unto ſuch
as pray, and are ſincere.

There's none that fear him need complain
they've ſought in vain his Aid,
He hears their Cry when in Diſtreſs,
and ſaves them when afraid.

God's Care and Preſervation
rewards the good Man's Love:
But the bold Crimes of wicked Men
at length their Ruin prove.

When we undertake any Affair.

IN vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to Reſt repair;
Allow no reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.
Supplies of Life with Eaſe to them
God on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.

Another.

SInce Acts of Grace thy Glory are,
And pleaſe thee moſt, do thou appear
In thoſe to us and to our Race;
Shew us the Brightneſs of thy Face,
Afford thy Light to guide our way,
That we may never go aſtray;
All our good Undertakings bleſs,
And proſper with deſir'd Succeſs.

When we look up into the Sky.

O Lord our Governour, on Earth
Thy Name is great and excellent;
Thy Glory is exalted far
Above the lofty Firmament.
The vaſt extended Orbs of Heav'n
By thy commanding Word were made;

And all its numerous Hoſts from thy
Creating Breath their Beings had.

When I to Heaven thy glorious Work
With Admiration raiſe mine Eye,
And there behold the Sun, and Moon,
And Stars which beautify the Sky.

Lord what is Man, I think, that he
Should have in thy kind Thoughts a Place?
Or why doſt thou advance and bleſs
His mean and miſerable Race?

O let thy Mercies Lord on us
Deſcend like a refreſhing Show'r;
As all our Hope and Joy depends
Upon thy Favour and thy Power.

At the Sight of Children.

O Righteous Lord thy ſtubborn Foes
Shall ſorely feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
That diſobey thy mild Command.

When thou againſt them doſt engage,
Thy juſt, but very dreadful Doom,
Shall like a glowing Oven rage,
Both them and all their Hopes conſume.

Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
Or with their Ruin only end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
And to their wicked Seed extend.

Whilſt to the Children of thy Saints
Thou ſhalt a laſting Quiet give;

Whoſe

Whoſe happy Race ſecurely fixt
Shall in thy gracious Preſence live.

Another.

THE Rich who are with Plenty fed,
God's Bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of Want by him reliev'd,
their generous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave
can only them ſupport.

Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race,
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.
The Lord preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend;
To them and their Poſterity
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

Children thoſe Comforts of our Life
are Preſents from the Lord;
He gives a numerous Race of Heirs
as Piety's Reward.
The God that does in *Sion* dwell
is our Eternal King;
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

When Light is brought into a Room.

ENlighten Lord my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous things which they behold
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-Light to point out the Path
in which I ought to go.
On me devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes both to know and keep
my Heart with Zeal encline.

When we lie down to Reſt.

WIth all my Soul I'll bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford
in Sorrows diſmal Night.
I ſtrive each Action to approve
to his All-ſeeing Eye;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope to riſe
wak'd by his powerful Voice.

Thou

Thou Lord when I reſign my Breath
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in Death
always Corruption ſee.

Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
which to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay,
and Joys that never fade.

Tho others in diſtruſt of thee
to other Succours fly,
Thou art our Hope, Lord caſt on us
a favourable Eye.

Down will I lie in Peace, and Sleep
ſhall cloſe my wearied Eyes;
No Fears diſturb me whilſt I know
in God my Safety lies.

To thee I cry'd in my Diſtreſs,
and thou from Heaven didſt hear;
Safely I ſlept without Concern,
and wak'd without all Fear.

Thoſe whom the Lord does love and own
he ſtill will bleſs and ſave;
Then let this Author of their Good
their chearful Praiſes have.

When wicked Men are advanc'd.

IF thou Lord doſt not riſe and help,
Goodneſs from Earth will fly away;
And faithful Men will hardly find
A Place, if thou much longer ſtay.

Diſſi-

Diſſimulation Credit gains;
They're counted wiſe that act a part;
Who tho' their Words are ſmooth and fair,
Intend no Kindneſs in their Heart.

God will baſe Flatterers deſtroy;
And their deceitful Arts will Shame.
Whoſe Pride no Vengeance fears from God
And count Religion but a Name.

Thy Promiſes ſhall never fail,
Thou Lord ſhalt keep the juſt from harm;
Tho' when the vileſt Men have Pow'r
The wicked every where will ſwarm.

Let none be envious when he ſees
The Wicked's proſperous Eſtate;
Nor tempted by their good Succeſs
Grow bold their Crimes to imitate.

For ſo the Graſs is freſh and green
Before the Mower cuts it down;
And beauteous Flowers within a while
Are wither'd by the ſcorching Sun.

He's wiſe that's always doing Good,
And on God's Goodneſs does rely;
Thus thy Enjoyments he'll ſecure,
And all thy juſt Deſires ſupply.

I've ſeen the Wicked riſe to Pow'r,
Flouriſh like Lawrels ever green;
But ſuddenly their Ruin came,
And no remainder could be ſeen.

Mark but the good and perfect Man,
And him that's upright in his Ways;
Mercy attends his happy Life,
And quiet Peace concludes his Days. *When*

When we cannot ſleep in the Night.

IN dead of Night I will apply
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy Righteous Ways.

O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed:
O make me then exactly learn
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

'Tis good for me that I have felt
Afflictions chaſtening Rod;
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.

Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd
in dark Afflictions Night.

Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
ſhall never Lord depart:
For thou by them haſt to new Life
reſtor'd my dying Heart.

As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me Lord from harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.

O happy Man that truſts in God,
and can the Proud deſpiſe;
With the deceitful Arts of ſuch
as turn aſide to Lies.

Thy

Thy wondrous Works and Thoughts of Love
to us ſo many are,
If I would tell them they exceed
my Thoughts and Value far.

When others ſleep my wakeful Thoughts
preſent thee to my Mind;
And in the Night I think how good
my God has been, and kind.

Since thou alone haſt been my Help,
to thee alone I fly;
And on thy watchful Providence
with Chearfulneſs rely,

Dangers whilſt thou art near to me
ſhall threaten me in vain;
When I keep cloſe to God, his Care
and Power will me ſuſtain.

When one is thirſty.

BLeſt Fountain of my Joys, for thee
I long, to thee I look,
No chaſed Hart can pant ſo much
after the Water Brook.

Regard the fervent Pray'rs I make
the Hopes I have in thee;
And Lord according to thy Truth
and Goodneſs anſwer me.

I'll ne'er ceaſe asking till my Soul
ſhall thy Refreſhments gain;
Thy Mercy which I gaſp for more
than thirſty Ground for Rain.

Lord who can prize enough that Love
thou beareſt to the Juſt?

Lord

Under whoſe Providence, and Care
Good Men ſecurely truſt.
They to the Plenty of thy Houſe
for all Supplies ſhall look;
And freely of thy Pleaſures drink,
as from a running Brook.
For all the Springs of Joy and Life
derived are from thee:
From thy continued Favour flows
all our Felicity.

When one is Hungry.

REpair my Strength, O God, and ſpare
me yet a while, that I
May make my Peace with thee before
I go from hence and die.
Our Life it ſelf without thy Love
no Reliſh does afford;
No other Joys can equal this,
to ſerve and praiſe the Lord.
I'll therefore make my Prayers to thee,
and bleſs thee whilſt I live;
This, like the choiceſt Dainties, will
both Food and Pleaſure give.
By God's Command th' enrich'd Earth
does Food for all produce;
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
and Herbs for humane Uſe.
Rich Wine that chears Man's Heart, and Oyl
that makes his Face look bright;
Bread the Support of Life, all ſerve
our Need, or our Delight.

My

My Life's great Buſineſs ſhall be this,
to praiſe this mighty Lord;
To meditate his Love and Works,
the ſweeteſt Joys afford.

When ſatisfied with our Food.

MY Soul bleſs thou the Lord, his Name
all Pow'rs within me bleſs:
O never let his Favours be
loſt in Unthankfulneſs.

It's he that fills thy Mouth with Good,
thy juſt Deſires ſupplies;
Who like the Eagles makes thine Age
to a new Youth ariſe.

All ye his Works in every Place
ſubject to his controul,
Bleſs ye your Maker, and with them
join in his Praiſe my Soul.

When about to read the Scriptures.

GOD's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the ignorant inſpires.

The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands in ſearch of Truth
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.

Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy Righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them through all my Life
will never go aſtray.

Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo:
On me thy Statutes to diſcern,
the ſaving Skill beſtow.

When we hear Diſputes about Religion.

THoſe who on thee, O Lord, rely,
let no Diſgrace attend:
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

To me thy ſacred Truth impart,
and lead me in thy way:
For thou art he that brings me Help,
on thee I wait all Day.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
from Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In reverence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.

His Gracious Mercy and his Truth
the Righteous Lord diſplays;
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his ways.

He thoſe in Righteouſneſs does guide,
who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the humble and the meek.

Through all the Dealings of the Lord
both Truth and Mercy ſhine;
To ſuch as with Religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will encline.

I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure,
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome ſhall ſecure.

Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my ways directly guide;
Leſt envious Men who watch my Steps
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.

Teach me, my God, to do thy Will,
and let thy Spirit of Love
Conduct me in thoſe Paths that lead
to Happineſs above.

At the Sight of the Stars.

HE numbers all the Stars, and knows
what Vertue comes from thence;
For 'tis from him they borrow all
their Light and Influence.

Un-

Unſearchable his Wiſdom is,
his Power admits no bound;
He raiſes up the meek, and throws
proud Sinners to the Ground.

At the Sight of a River.

HE from the Hills through ſecret Veins
Cauſes the Cryſtal Springs to burſt;
They glide thro' Vallies where the Beaſts
and the wild Aſſes quench their Thirſt.

The Mountains by hid ways they climb,
thence to the lower Vales deſcend;
Till in the Sea from whence they came,
at laſt their winding Courſes end.

The great Imployment of my Life
ſhall be to praiſe this mighty Lord,
To meditate his Love and Works
the ſweeteſt Pleaſure will afford.

Lord all the Springs of Joy and Life,
derived are from thee;
From thy continued Favour flows
all our Felicity.

In a Garden.

LET none be envious when he ſees
The wicked's proſp'rous Eſtate;
Nor tempted by their good Succeſs
Grow bold their Crimes to imitate.

For ſo the Graſs is freſh and green
Before the Mower cuts it down;
And beauteous Flowers within a while
Are wither'd by the ſcorching Sun.

I've ſeen the wicked riſe to Power
Flouriſh like Lawrels ever green,
But ſuddenly their Ruin came,
And no remainder could be ſeen.

They ſpring and flouriſh like the Graſs,
with good Succeſs o'erjoy'd
And only grow to be mown down,
and utterly deſtroy'd.

But Righteous Men like fruitful Palms,
or ſtately Cedars grow;
For planted in thy Courts they're fed
with Springs that ever flow.

There they are fair, and ever thrive,
and ſtill more Fruit ſhall bring;
Age that makes other things decay
makes them more flouriſhing.

Death like an overflowing Stream
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream.
Like Flowers at Morning freſh and fair
Cut down e'er Night, and wither'd are.

In

In an Inn.

MY mournful State, O Lord, regard,
and to my Cry give Ear;
I am a Stranger here on Earth,
as all my Fathers were.

Repair my Strength, O God, and ſpare
me yet a while that I,
May make my Peace with thee before
I go from hence and die.

O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!

For in thy Courts one ſingle Day,
'tis better to attend,
Than Lord in any Place beſides
a thouſand Days to ſpend.

When alone in the Fields.

THE Earth's the Lord's, to him belong
all Creatures it contains;
His gracious Care to all the World
extends o'er which he reigns.

He did upon the floating Seas
the Earth's great Fabrick lay;
And on th' unſtable Floods he made
her fix'd Foundations ſtay.

Into

Into that Hill where God reſides,
who ſhall admitted be?
Lord who within thy Holy Place
may ſtand and worſhip thee?
He whoſe unſpotted Hands no Crimes,
whoſe Heart no Stains defile;
Whoſe Tongue blaſphemes not God, nor (ſwears
his Neighbour to beguile.
Such Men unto thine Altar may
their free Approaches make:
God hears their Pray'rs, and they are ſure
his Bleſſings to partake.

A Thanksgiving to God when we have done any good Work.

LORD not to us, but to thy Name,
we give the Praiſe we owe:
To thy free Goodneſs and thy Truth,
whence all our Bleſſings flow.
Thy ſacred Name I will advance,
my King and God of Love;
I'll bleſs thee now, 'twill be my Work
eternally above.
Lord let my Prayers and Praiſes be
a pleaſing Sacrifice
To thee, in whom alone my Strength
and my Salvation lies.

Glory

Glory to thee, O Bounteous Lord,
who giv'ſt to all their Breath;
Glory to thee Eternal Word,
who ſav'ſt us by thy Death.

Glory, O Bleſſed Spirit, to thee,
who filſt our Hearts with Love,
Glory to all the Myſtick Three,
who reign One God above.

Amen.

Directions for learning to ſing by the Notes the Tunes following.

1. LEarn to ſound diſtinctly eight Notes upwards, and downwards immediately following each other, as in the firſt Example.

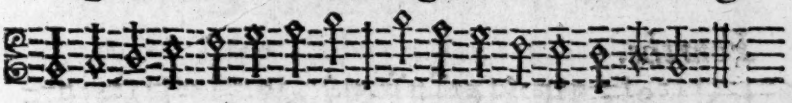
2. Learn by Practice to ſound thoſe Notes at the Diſtances of two, three, or more Notes from each other; as in the ſeveral Examples after the firſt.

3. Obſerve the Number of Syllables in each Line of the Pſalm you would learn to ſing, and the Number of Lines in each Stave, by which you will know which of theſe Tunes will ſuit that Pſalm.

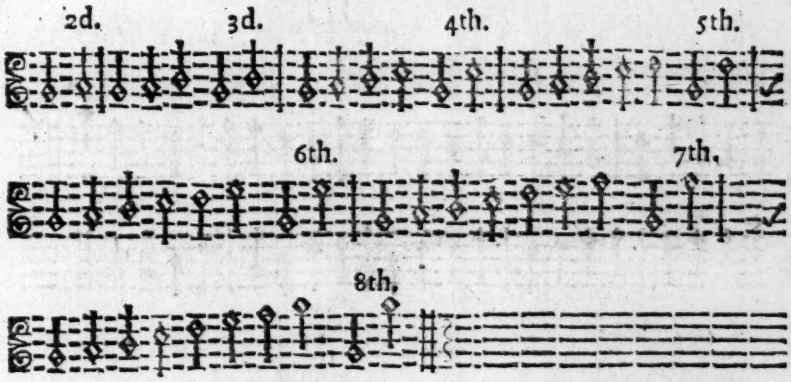
8 NO 65

Inſtructions for Beginners.

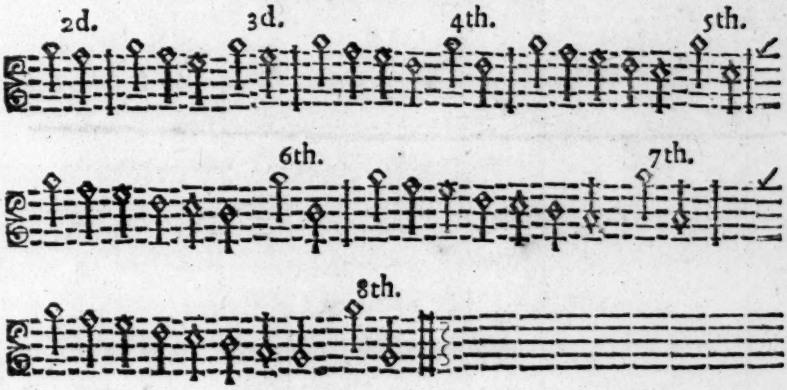
Eight *Notes* Aſcending and Deſcending.



The Aſcendings.

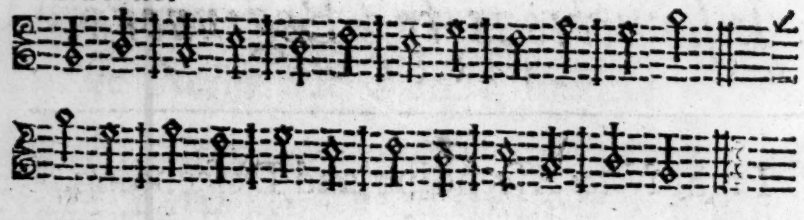


The Deſcendings.

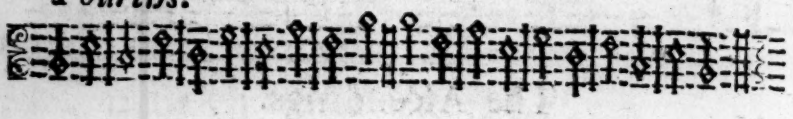


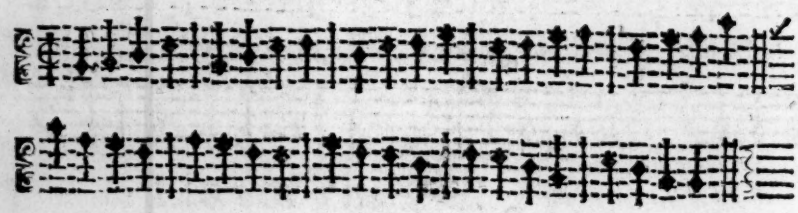
The breaking of Notes.

Thirds.



Fourths.

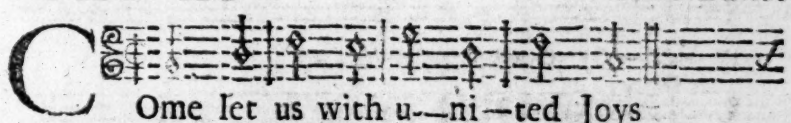




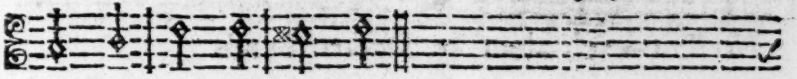
These

Theſe Tunes next following take up but four Lines of eight Syllables in the firſt and third, and ſix in the ſecond and fourth, and are twice ſung in one Stave.

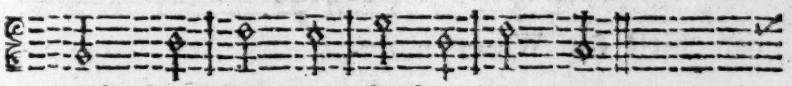
PSAL. XCV. *York Tune.*



Come let us with u—ni—ted Joys



to God our Voices raiſe:

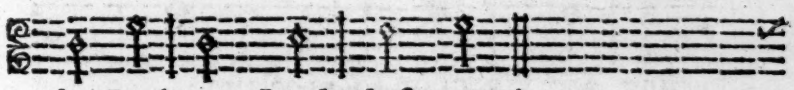


With thankful Hearts before him come;

and loudly ſing his Praiſe.

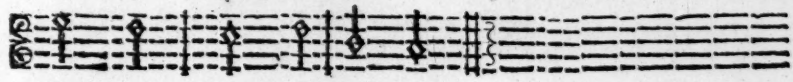
PSAL. LXXXIV. *London Old Tune.*

How beauteous is the place where thou,



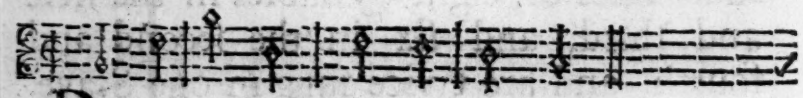
thy Preſence, Lord, doſt grant!

O how I long t'approach thy Courts,

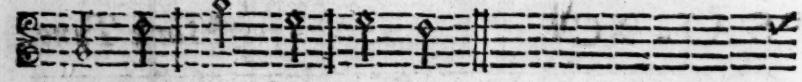


im—pa—tient of reſtraint.

BSAL. LXIII. *St. David's Tune.*

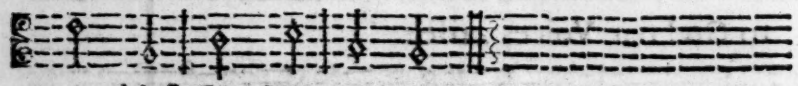


DAily, O Lord, my longing Soul,



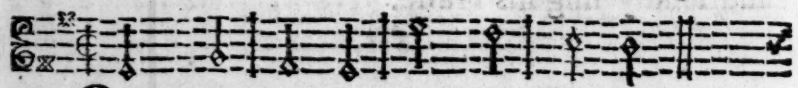
thy Mer—cy does implore;

No Tra—vel—lour in Deſart Lands



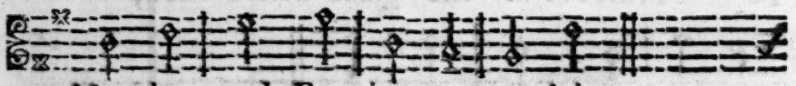
can thirſt for Water more.

PSAL. XCII. *St. Mary's or Hackney Tune.*

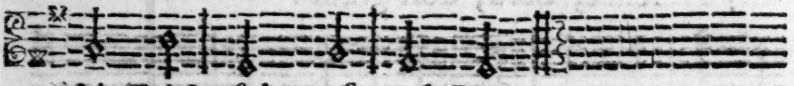


OH! what a pleaſant Work it is,

to praiſe the Lord a—bove!



Morning and Evening to proclaim,



his Faith--ful—neſs and Love.

PSAL.

PSAL. XXXIII. *Martyrs Tune.*

REjoyce ye Righteous in the Lord;

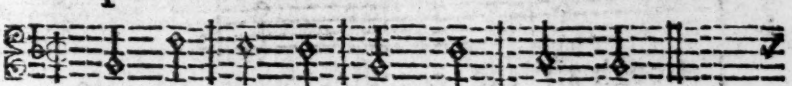
and praiſe him with Delight:

For thank--ful—neſs becomes the Lips,

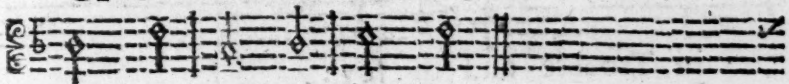
of thoſe that are upright.

PSAL. CXLIII. *Briſtol Tune.*

Proper to the Penitentials of this Metre.

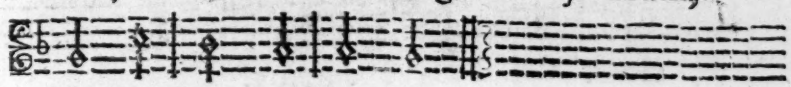


REgard the fervent Pray'rs I make;



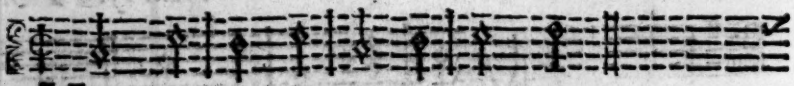
the hopes I have in Thee:

And, Lord, ac—cor—ding to thy Truth,



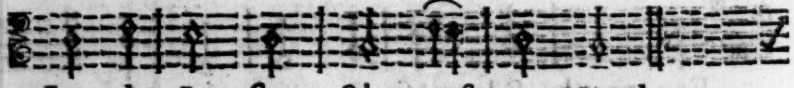
and Goodneſs anſwer me.

PSAL. LXXVIII. *Canterbury Tune.*



HEar, O my People, to my Law,

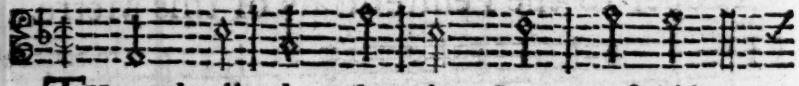
de—vout at—ten—tion lend:



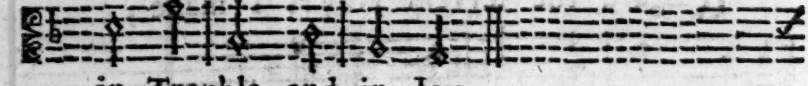
Let the In—ſtru—ctions of my Mouth,

deep in your Hearts deſcend.

PSAL. XXXIV. *London New Tune.*

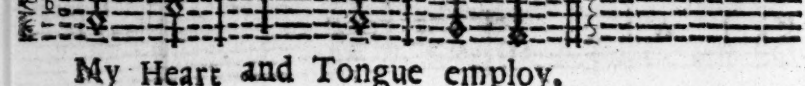


THrough all the changing Scenes of Life,



in Trouble and in Joy;

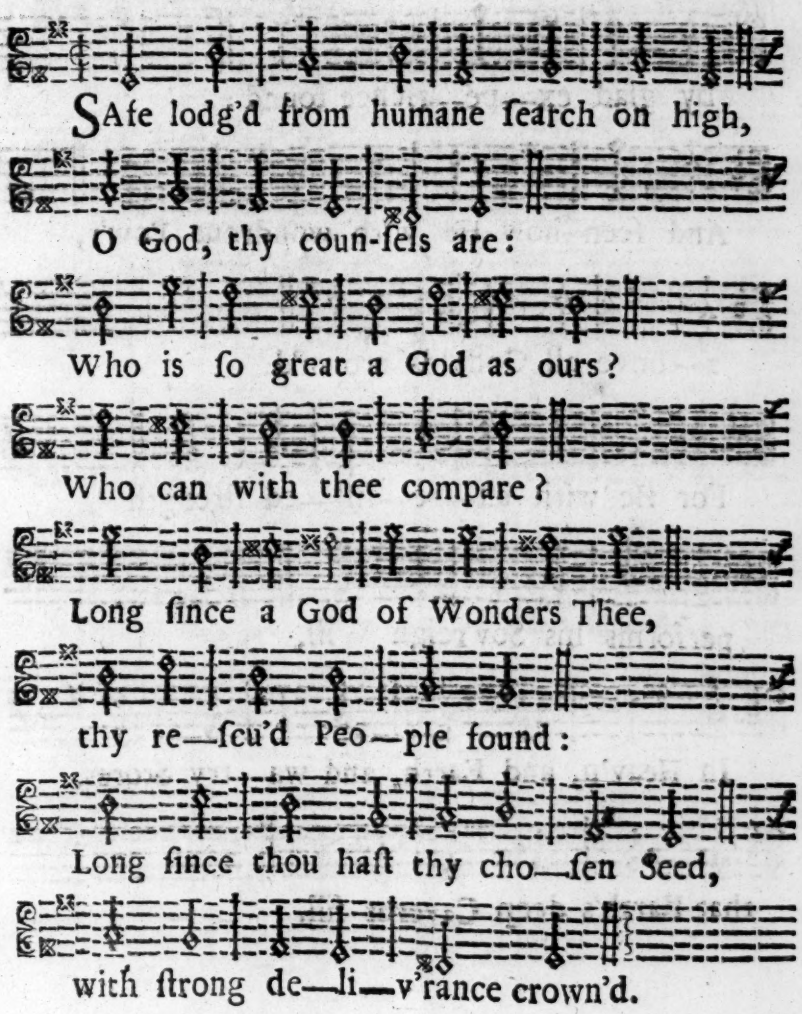
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,



My Heart and Tongue employ.

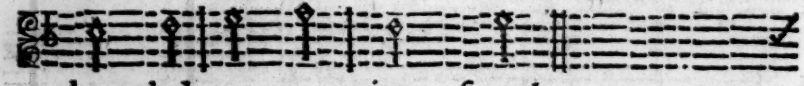
The two next following Tunes will ſuit the ſame Metre, but they ſing out the whole Stave.

PSAL. LXXVII. *Sion's Tune.*



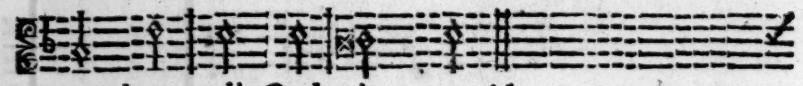
PSAL. CXXXV. *Proper Tune.*

THat God is great we of—ten have

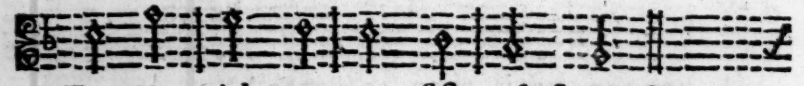


by glad ex—pe—rience found;

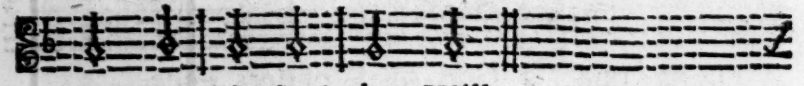
And ſeen how He with wondrous Pow'r,



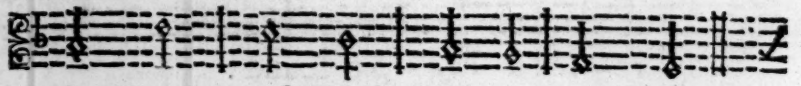
a—bove all Gods is crown'd.



For He with un—re—ſiſt—ed ſtrength



performs his Sov'reign Will,



In Heav'n, and Earth, and wa—try Stores,

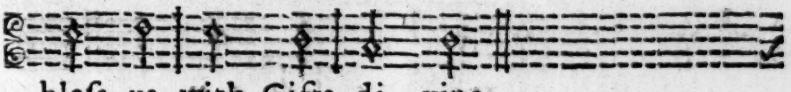
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

The

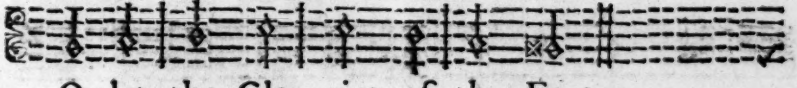
The two next following Tunes are to ſing alſo half Staves, but the Metre here has eight Syllables only in the 3d Line, and all the reſt have but ſix.

PSAL. LXVII. *Southwel Tune.*

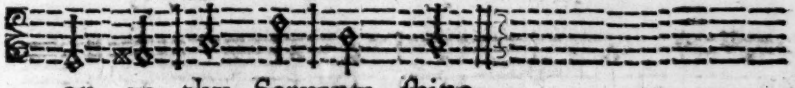
SHew Mer—cy to us, Lord,



bleſs us with Gifts di—vine;

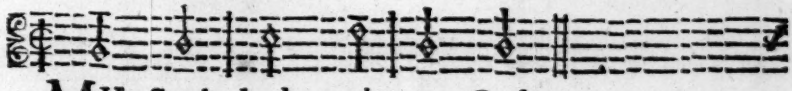


O let the Glo—ries of thy Face,

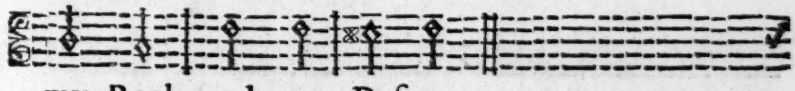


on us thy Servants ſhine.

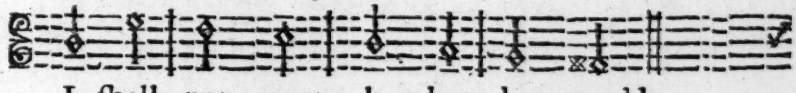
PSAL. LXII. *St. Peter's Tune.*



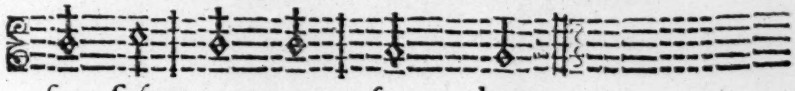
MY Soul doth wait on God;



my Rock and my Defence;



I ſhall not great—ly then be mov'd,

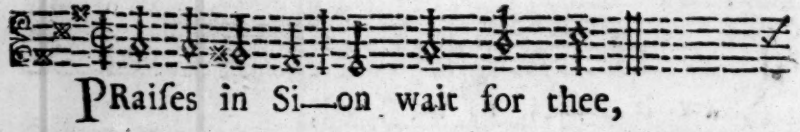


for ſafe—ty comes from thence.

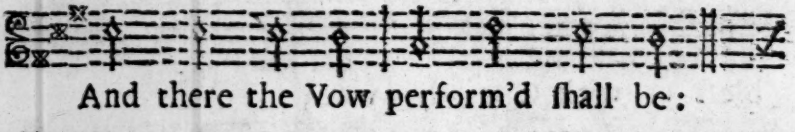
The

The following Tune ſerves the *Pſalms* of eight Syllables in a Line and four Lines in a Stave.

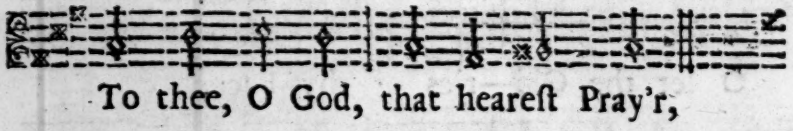
PSAL. LXV. *Savoy Tune.*



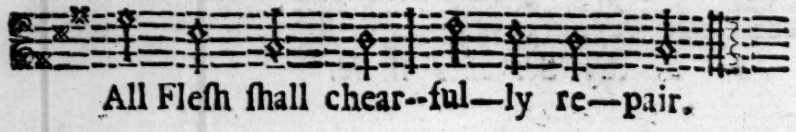
PRaiſes in Si—on wait for thee,



And there the Vow perform'd ſhall be:



To thee, O God, that heareſt Pray'r,

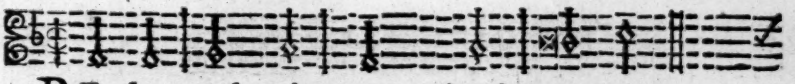


All Fleſh ſhall chear--ful—ly re—pair.

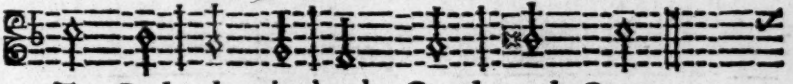
The

The following Tune ſerves the *Pſalms* of 12 Lines in a Stave and eight Syllables in each Line, but the former part of the Tune is repeated.

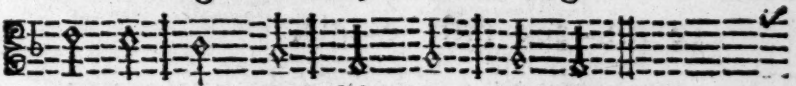
PSAL. CXXXVI. *Rochel Tune.*



RENder and oft your Thanks repeat,

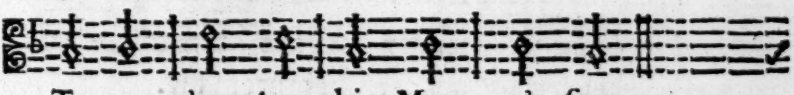


To God who is both Good and Great:
To him your chearful Praiſes ſing,
Whom Angels worſhip as their King.



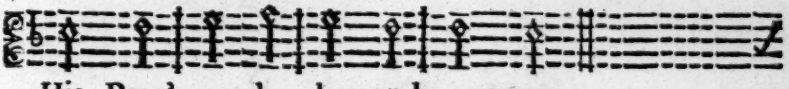
To e—v'ry Age his Mer--cy's ſure,
Whoſe Mercy always does endure,

To him whom higheſt Princes own;
By low Proſtrations at his Throne.

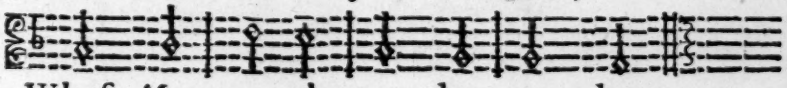


To e—v'ry Age his Mer—cy's ſure;

To him whoſe wondrous Works declare,



His Pow'r to be beyond compare;



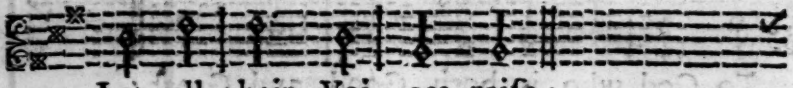
Whoſe Mer—cy al--ways does en—dure.

The

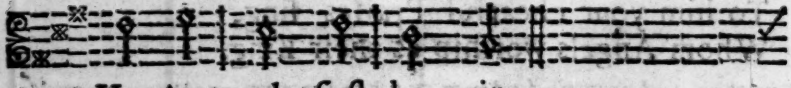
The following Tune ſings the *Pſalms* of eight Lines in each Stave, but the four firſt Lines have 6 Syllables, and the 4 laſt have 4 Syllables in each Line.

PSAL. CXLVIII. *Chriſt's Ch. Hoſpital Tune.*

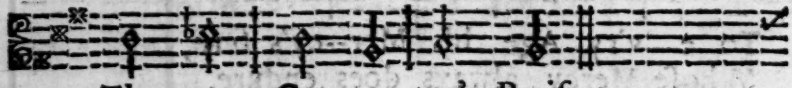
To laud the Heav'nly King,



Let all their Voi—ces raiſe:

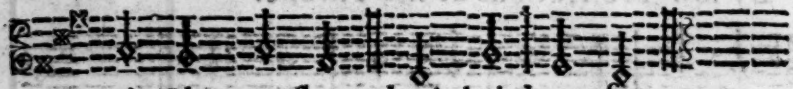


Ye An—gels firſt be—gin,



The great Cre—a—tor's Praiſe.

Let Sun and Moon, and e—v'ry Star,



His Glo—ry ſhow that's brighter far.

8 NO 65

F I N I S.